# The WHITE SENECA

WILLIAM W. CANFIELD

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THE WHITE SENECA by William W. Canfield

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THE WHITE SENECA

Cautiously we moved forward to a couple of cedars.

# The White Seneca

BY

WILLIAM W. CANFIELD

*Illustrated by*
*G. A. HARKER*

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# INTRODUCTION

Once in many years a new kind of book appears. Among a thousand books that have been written about Indians, "The White Seneca" stands unique.

To the critic who knows American Indian history and character, the reason will at once be apparent. There are portions of this Indian tale drawn so startlingly true to fact that the close student of the history of the Iroquois Indians is compelled to acknowledge it as a new departure. In the plot almost no situation is overdrawn. Indian life is painted without gloss or prejudice; the picture stands like a photograph, retouched in minor details, but clearly drawn from fact. Fancy alone has brought together the elements needful for the romance.

The Confederacy of the Iroquois was one of the most remarkable empires ever devised by a barbaric people. With a wonderful constitution recorded in woven wampum belts and

mnemonic strings of shells, this confederacy in the balmy days of the 17th and early 18th centuries ruled half of North America. It had discovered the strength of organization, of concerted action, and of obedience to law. It gave the Indian world remarkable statesmen and orators. The names of Brant, King Kendrick, Grangula, Shikellamy, Logan, Cornplanter and Red Jacket are known wherever history is read.

In this great league of the five Iroquois nations the Seneca stood foremost in power and in military strength. Even to-day, after four centuries of conflict, the Senecas exist as a nation recognized by the State of New York and by the Federal Government.

Many important events in colonial and revolutionary history are interwoven in the history of the Iroquois, as this tale of the captured Dutch boy will indicate. In general, the history of these Indians has been written by the Jesuits, by Cadwallader Colden, by Francis Parkman, by Horatio Hale, by Lewis Morgan and by William Beauchamp, but an intimate tale of the inner side of Iroquois life, in general, and Seneca life, in particular, has not before been written with the accuracy here delineated by Mr. Canfield.

# INTRODUCTION

"The White Seneca" is a new kind of Indian tale. I hope thousands of American boys and girls will read it. There is perhaps a bit of race pride in this hope, for my ancestors were Senecas.

ARTHUR C. PARKER.

Archeologist of the New York State Museum and Secretary of the Society of American Indians.

# FOREWORD

Many books have been written about the aboriginal people of this country, either as individuals or as tribes and nations. It is to be regretted that in instances the Indian has been shown in colors so unnatural that there has grown up wide misapprehension as to his real character and the life he led. Often he has been surrounded with too much that was romantic and too little that was real; and again he has been given traits which he never possessed, and has been made to perform acts that were entirely beyond his powers — or, indeed, beyond the powers of any human being.

The writings of men who came early among the Indians and set down those things which they observed, bear truthful descriptions. But the great mass of readers do not have opportunity to search these accounts, or to bring together the scattered scraps of information that lie hidden in the archives of historical societies,

or are buried in official reports and other publications of that nature.

With a view to setting before the young, and such adults as have not lost taste for a tale of adventure and stirring times, a better understanding of the Indian, this story has been written. But coupled with the story itself is presented a careful study of Indian character and a truthful description of their manner of living, thus bringing to the mind of the reader a faithful picture of conditions and peoples at the time of the Revolutionary War.

The relations of customs and manners here set down are accurate, and the hope is expressed that they may be so understood by the readers. For through this means many false impressions may be corrected, and knowledge of those beginnings of our country's life may be broadened and strengthened in both old and young.

This writing, therefore, is dedicated to the young people of our country, and through them to their elders.

It is the hope of the author that they may find both pleasure and information in perusing what he here has written. Assuredly, these

have come to him in the preparation of *The White Seneca,* for he has gained knowledge of a people who neither wrote history nor built monuments, although they hold in the world's drama a place that may not be overlooked.

W. W. C.

February, 1911.

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THE WHITE SENECA

# THE WHITE SENECA

## CHAPTER I

### MY SISTER'S ESCAPE

For the entertainment of those American boys and girls who love a rugged story of adventure, I propose to write some account of my captivity by the Indians and the several years I lived in their villages. If I do not tire in the writing and I find that my young readers are interested in my story, I will continue the tale until it shall embrace a relation of the great campaign of General John Sullivan against the Iroquois in 1779, and relate my small part in that expedition, which, you know, resulted in breaking the power of the strongest Indian Confederacy ever formed, and in materially aiding the struggling thirteen colonies in securing their freedom.

In this relation, it will be necessary for me to tell something of the customs that prevailed among the Six Nations of Indians, known the world over as the Iroquois; also some of the historical events occurring between the years 1774 and 1779. I can assure those who may

read my manuscript, however, that they will find in my personal story of these years quite enough adventure to hold their attention, and if they mark well those descriptive portions of the story which may be found necessary in order to make the tale understood, they will have knowledge of the customs and usages of those Indians that is not possessed by many of their elders. This explanation out of the way, we may plunge at once into the story itself:

My father, Henry Cochrane, after whom I was named, was a settler in the Mohawk Valley, in the State of New York, where he had taken up some land for his farm in the settlement that was called German Flatts. Our family consisted of my father and mother, my sister Electa, who was two years my junior, and myself. I was fifteen years old in the summer of 1774, and at that time a boy who was fifteen years of age had to perform many kinds of work and encounter hardships about which the boys of the present day know little.

In August of that year it became necessary for my father to go to Johnstown to make some payment in furs and pearl ash upon his lands. The journey was to be made by canoe upon the

Mohawk River, and would occupy about five days, going and returning. There was believed to be little danger in my mother, my sister and myself remaining in our cabin, as we had not for a long time heard of any trouble on the part of the Indians. Indeed, if there was danger to be feared, it was from the wild animals that were then plentiful in the forests all about us, which might attack and kill the few sheep and the cow and calf which we had; but I was a sturdy lad, and could handle a rifle with a skill equal to many of my elders; and so, after numerous directions as to what care we should take, my father started out.

I never saw him again, for after transacting his business at Johnstown and embarking upon his return, he was taken violently ill on the way. A couple of days passed, and the settler at whose cabin my father had been given shelter, came to accompany my mother to the bedside of her dying husband. Years afterward, I learned that she reached him two days before he passed away, and was with him at the last.

My mother went from our home about the middle of the forenoon. Electa and I accompanied her to the river, nearly half a mile from

our clearing, where the canoe awaited her. We two, Electa and I, were to remain at home only long enough to put the sheep and our cow and calf in their pens, and then we were bidden to start out for the home of a neighbour, about two miles up the river. This neighbour, Mr. Weaver, had two sons, some years older than I, and as it was customary for the settlers in this new country to aid each other in every possible manner, it was believed that he would send one or both of them to remain with my sister and me until mother's return.

There was an Indian trail leading along the valley, and many times I had followed it through the woods to the clearing, near which it passed. Whether it would have made any difference with future events had we taken the trail this day, I do not know, but we chose to go by water, and so, soon after noon, we entered a small dugout, the product of my own handiwork, and I paddled out into the stream.

The Mohawk River was in those days, of considerable size, and batteaux, or flat-bottomed boats of large dimensions, often went up the river with supplies for traders and soldiers to the head of navigation at the Carrying Place,

returning with cargoes of furs. As its course was along a flat and swampy valley, it was a stream of numerous curves, some of which were long and graceful in their sweep, and others sharp and abrupt.

We had covered about half the distance to the Weaver clearing, when, on rounding one of the sharp bends in the river, we saw approaching us one of the large dugouts used by the Indians. In it were seated six warriors, as I knew at once from the fact that their faces were painted and that they wore bonnets or head-dresses of feathers.

Now, the sight of Indians was not a novelty to either Electa or myself. They often turned aside from the trail to come to our clearing, and my father had traded with them upon frequent occasions. He had ever treated them with fairness, and he believed that he held their friendship. I had been taught to show them no fear, and to meet them in a free and open manner, not displaying any signs of distrust. But the moment I saw the big dugout and its occupants, a fear that I could not control arose in my heart, and I thrust the paddle so unsteadily into the water that I nearly upset the light craft.

"Oh, Henry! you will tip us over," exclaimed Electa. "Please don't do that again. Mother would not like it."

Electa had no fear of the water, for she could swim skilfully, and we often had sport in the river diving from the bank, or from the dugout after we had rowed to mid-stream. That day, however, she wore a new flannel dress that mother had recently made for her, and she did not relish the idea of a ducking—and the wetting of her new dress.

"It was a mistake, sis," I answered, regaining my courage. "There come some Indians."

She turned her head and saw them, now only a few rods away. I observed that her fair young cheek went pale, and as she looked again toward me, her eyes were wide with fear.

"What will we do, Henry?" she half whispered; "they may kill us."

"Keep still, little one," I answered. "I don't think they will do us harm."

I directed the prow of the dugout toward the left bank, and with several quick and powerful strokes sent the craft rapidly near the land. But the Indian steersman deftly guided their boat in the same direction, and I saw that they

"What will we do, Henry?" she half whispered; "they may kill us."

would head us off. With a quick backward sweep of the paddle and a word to Electa to lie down, I whirled our dugout quickly about and headed it for the opposite shore, toward which it shot with no dull speed.

My exertions were useless, however, for we had not passed the centre of the river before the Indians were alongside, two of them holding our tiny craft firmly against their own, and all of them grinning at our foolish attempt to escape.

I knew a few Indian words, but could recognise none in the conversation that our captors rapidly carried on as they held us a few minutes while we drifted slowly along with the sluggish current. It gave me time to think what was best to do, and so I held my hand out toward them and said:

"How, how; Cochrane's boy and girl. My father treats Indians well."

They nodded encouragingly, and two of them shook hands with me.

"Good day," I continued, picking up the paddle. "We must go."

At this they all grinned again, and one of them nodded his head till his plumes danced

and the trinkets on his head-dress tinkled musically.

"Ugh! go with Indian," he finally exclaimed.

My heart sank, for I knew then that we were captives. However, I persisted: "No, up the river; to Weaver's. Good day," and I raised the paddle to dip it into the water.

I had caught Electa's eyes and knew by her glance what she intended to do. For a moment I poised the paddle above the water, and then turning suddenly, I leaped into their dugout and catching the edge of the log on the side furthest from our boat, I turned it over like a flash, carrying its six occupants with it. I came to the surface ahead of them, and shouted in defiance as I struck out for the further shore, hoping in this manner to induce them to follow me. This they did, with much yelling and churning of water, for a man plunged under when he is not expecting it is quite apt to be confused, even if he is an Indian. Looking over my shoulder as I swam, I saw the dark heads bob up out of the water, their gay head-dresses awry or floating on the surface of the river, and their eyes blazing anger. I laughed as loudly as I could — or pre-

tended to, for at heart I was in no laughing mood.

"Good day, Indian!" I shouted. "Good day, Indian! Come again!"

I knew they would overtake me and make me pay dearly for the trick I had served them — perhaps even torture me. But what mattered that if I could keep them on my track for a few minutes, thus letting Electa escape in safety. I was a strong boy and could stand it, while she was a tender, timid girl. I mounted the bank and dashed away through the thick underbrush, still keeping up my laughter and taunts at the top of my voice. Soon I heard them coming behind me, and in another fifty yards one of them tripped me and I fell headlong. As quickly as I could, I sat up and looked about me. Yes, there were six—the last one just running up—and I believed that Electa was safe and now able to evade capture.

Though hurt by my fall, I now laughed in earnest, for I thought of the surprise these half-dozen trained warriors must have experienced when a simple lad turned the tables upon them so completely. To this day I do not forget how they stood around me, angry over their discom-

fiture, but still half amused at the trick. For the Indian is a humourist in his own way, and nothing more surely wins his admiration than an exhibition of daring and quick thought.

One of the party, a scowling fellow, picked up a heavy stone and raised it as if to strike me, for their weapons were lost in the river. The chief pushed him away with expressions of contempt, I judged, and held out his hand to me, smiling pleasantly. "Good," he said. "Make good Indian. Come."

We started back toward the river, and when nearly there they must have recalled the fact that my sister had accompanied me in the dugout, for in response to something said by the chief, three of them ran ahead. Two of the warriors caught me by the arms on either side and hurried me into a run until we came again to the river. The dugouts had drifted some distance and were lodged against the opposite bank, where the three Indians who had gone ahead were making examination of them. Shouts were exchanged, and I saw that the bank was being carefully inspected, evidently with a view to discovering where Electa had left the dugout and taken to the woods. After a little, I was

pushed rudely into the river and, still accompanied by my guards, swam to the northern shore.

For an hour the Indians searched to discover trace of the missing girl, but they were baffled as completely as though she had flown into the air. Indeed, I afterwards learned that some of them were of the belief that she had been spirited away over the tree tops. Two of them dove to the river bottom several times and succeeded in finding their hatchets and guns, and when these were brought to shore they again formed in a circle around me.

"Where gone? where gone?" asked the chief, flashing a hunting knife close to my eyes.

I shook my head slowly and pointed down into the water, and then buried my face in my arms.

"Swim?" asked the chief, catching me by the hair and jerking my head back so that he could look in my eyes. "Girl swim?"

I made motions with my hands to indicate that she could swim "dog fashion," as indeed she could.

The chief released me after a few minutes, though I expected that the knife which he held

so close to my head would encircle my scalp the next instant. After brief consultation, two of the party took my dugout and paddled slowly down the river, carefully examining the bank; three in their own craft went up the river on the same errand, and one remained to guard me and make such headway as he could in extracting the wet charges from the two guns which they carried. Evidently they did not think it entirely safe to take any chances, for my wrists and ankles were securely bound before they started away.

Another hour must have passed before their return, but the time was to me almost an eternity. I think I grew older during that hour than in the course of any two years of my life. In the first place, I was torn with the fear that they would discover Electa and bring her back in triumph, probably to carry her with me into captivity. Then I became apprehensive that she might have drowned; but after a time I consoled myself with the thought that death in the river were a better fate for her than life in an Indian hut. To these thoughts was added my own misery, for the cord cut my wrists and ankles cruelly, while flies and mosquitoes lighted

upon my face and neck, from which I could not drive them, and stung me until I cried aloud with the torture and begged to be released. But even the longest suffering must have an end, and finally the Indians returned. They had not found my sister, and this knowledge gave me courage to face whatever might be ahead.

Without further delay, I was placed in the bottom of the large dugout and we started up the river. The chief, noticing the blotches on my face and neck, seized a handful of cool clay from the river bank and smeared me until I must have looked like a new species, for they all laughed at my appearance. However, as it greatly relieved the pain, I was thankful for the treatment.

Nearly four years afterward, I learned the story of Electa's escape. My sudden leap from our dugout had overturned it, and she was plunged under water. She swam as far as she could, and came to the surface just in time to see the Indians scrambling up the bank in the chase after me. She looked about her for an instant and saw, some distance below in an eddy of the river, a considerable quantity of drift-wood. Swimming to this with a few silent

strokes, she sank in the water, to come up amid the logs and branches, pieces of bark and rotted wood that formed the flotsam. Turning on her back, with her face barely above the water under a log that slanted down from the bank into the river, completely shielded by the tangled moss above her, this tender girl kept her position for more than two hours. Once an Indian walked out upon the log under which she was floating, and with his foot pushed away some of the rubbish that touched her body; but she didn't move, and in a moment the peril was over. When the Indians were absent in the dugouts searching for her, she gained a little rest by drawing nearer the bank and raising her body partly out of the water, and when they finally departed, she crawled out, cramped and chilled until she could not stand, but the hot August sun soon warmed her into life. In time she was able to walk through the tangled brush and swamps that bordered the river, several times being compelled to swim deep lagoons or intercepting streams. Electa made her way ten miles down the river to a settlement, where she told her story to the frightened men and women who had been aroused from their sleep to admit her. Two or

three days afterwards, my sister was restored to her widowed mother's arms.

Surely the girls of 1774 were born with courage in their hearts, as we shall have occasion to learn in the progress of our story.

## CHAPTER II

### THE LONG HOUSE

As it was approaching twilight that afternoon, our dugout was suddenly turned to the south bank of the river, and piercing a fringe of thick bushes, glided into the mouth of a small stream. Here my hands and ankles were untied, and one of my captors helped me to reach the bank. I could not stand for some moments, and while I was chafing my limbs to restore the circulation, I observed with interest the cunning manner in which the Indians concealed their paddles. Two of the warriors climbed quickly half way up a tall beech sapling, and swinging out, the weight of their bodies bent the top of the young tree to the ground. With a few turns of a thong, the paddles were tied securely among the thick branches in the top of the sapling. This done, the beech was released and immediately sprang back to its upright position. It was my first lesson in Indian woodcraft.

After pushing through the underbrush of

some swamp land for a distance, we came to higher ground and soon struck a well defined trail. The path was worn about four inches deep in the soft mould of the forest, and wound in and out among the trees in a manner that made it easy to follow. The gathering darkness caused no let-up in our speed, and part of the time I was hurried forward on a trot. No word was spoken until we came to a large spring, and here we stopped for water. I was given a piece of dried fish, which I ate greedily, as I had had nothing to eat since before noon, and was nearly famished. Another hour of rapid travelling followed, during which my captors moved as silently and surely as shadows, never stumbling, never pausing or hesitating a moment, but keeping the trail as surely and easily as though they were following a broad highway in open daylight.

We came at length to some long, low buildings, and to one of these we made our way. The opening at the end was not covered by door or blanket, and without a word, we entered the dark interior. Just inside the doorway, one of our party took from a low bench, as I discovered in the morning, several mats woven of corn

husks, and we moved forward some distance upon the earthen floor. Ahead of us, I saw the dull glow of coals, but I had no time to consider what it meant, for a mat was thrust into my hands and the heavy pressure of my guide upon my shoulder indicated that I was to lie down. Exhausted, to the point of fainting, I threw myself upon the braided husks and almost immediately sank to sleep.

When I awoke, a scene entirely different from any to which I had been accustomed greeted my eyes. Though our house was made of logs, it was light, and clean, and cheerful, and the first sight that usually came to me in the morning was my pretty little sister, my mother engaged with her work, or my father telling me it was time to get up. Now, I saw a stretch of earthen floor about seventy feet long by eight or ten feet wide. On either side, raised about a foot from the floor, there were open rooms or stalls, separated from each other by bark partitions — seven on each side. In them were benches, some of bark and some of hewn logs, upon which there were husk mats, deer and bearskins, some blankets and furs of various kinds. Where the coals had glowed the night

before, now crackled a fire, the smoke ascending to the blackened bark roof and escaping through a rectangular hole, which served the double purpose of admitting light and giving vent to the smoke. Indians lounged on the benches in the stalls or talked in groups with my captors; all were naked except for a girdle or apron of buckskin or coarse cloth. A number of their women, clad in short buckskin skirts, were about the fire. Some of them were pounding corn into coarse meal upon a large flat stone or in crude stone mortars. Others were stirring the meal into earthen pots that sat upon the coals, mingling with it beans that were being shelled by others of their number, or pieces of squash which they broke from a supply of those vegetables near at hand. Some pieces of meat and dried fish were also added from time to time. Children of all ages and both sexes, not encumbered in the least particular with clothing, were everywhere — under foot rolling on the floor, piled up among the furs on the benches or peeping out with wide open eyes from the shallow baskets, laced with thongs, in which the Indian child for its first two years spends most of its time.

The shrill voices of the women, and their shriller laughter, the low, deep, guttural droning of the men, the high-keyed shouts of the children, made a babel of sound that to me at that time was the height of confusion, though in after years I came to regard it as quite musical.

Everything appeared to be in common — that is, the individual families did not separate by themselves to eat their morning meal; but whenever anyone wished to eat, he watched his chance to secure one of the shallow wood or earthen bowls, and handing it to one of the women, it was dipped full of the gruel from one of the boiling pots and handed back with a word that meant that the recipient was welcome. Then the Indian sat down, cross-legged, and with a vigorous expenditure of breath would cool his gruel and sup it down. The noise was so great when four or five men were thus engaged at the same time that little else might be heard. When the bowl was empty, it was laid aside or handed to someone else to be immediately refilled for another breakfaster.

Seeing that I was awake, one of the younger women handed me a bowl of the soup. I

thanked her as I had been taught, and although she did not understand my words, I felt that she did my manner, for she returned to the fire and spoke to some of the other women and they all turned and looked at me with curiosity. I didn't enjoy the thought of eating from a dish that had been used by so many before me, and without washing, but I was as hungry as a boy could well be, and I realised that if I permitted any scruples about the dish, the food or the manner of eating to stand in my way, I might go unsatisfied a long time. The first mouthful that I took was so steaming hot that it nearly scalded my mouth and throat, and I came not far from overturning the contents of the bowl in my lap. A shout of laughter went up over my mishap, and the woman who had given me the gruel came forward and with a great expenditure of language took the bowl from my hands and illustrated how I must at the same time cool it with my breath and sup it carefully. In a few moments I found myself making as much noise as the biggest Indian present, and really enjoying the taste of the food; though I must admit I would have liked it better had it been salted.

Everybody ate what he wanted, and still two of the large vessels were left full of the succotash, close to the coals where they would remain warm. At any hour of the day or night they might be found there, and anyone who might come, desiring food, had only to pick up one of the bowls and eat his fill. It was so in all of the long houses of the Iroquois, also in the smaller houses in the larger towns; and in my years of life with the Indians I never saw a home in which food was not ready at hand for any who entered. I may say here before proceeding with my story, that the variety was not large. The gruel or succotash which I have described, formed the chief diet. In the green corn time we ate quantities of roasted corn, and at nearly all times we had game, birds, and fish in abundance. We had great feasts of meat, where whole carcasses of deer or bears were roasted at open fires; and if the fresh meat was scarce, there was dried or cured meat and fish. Also, there were squash, beans, berries, groundnuts and large quantities of chestnuts, butternuts, beechnuts, walnuts, and some edible roots. Cakes were made by mixing with the meal a quantity of fat and baking it upon heated stones.

All the dishes were simple and the labors of the cooks were not severe. One old woman in a few minutes could provide a meal for a band of fifty men, and when they were through eating there were no remnants, no dishes to wash and no dessert to serve.

Upon their expeditions, either peaceable or warlike, the men depended upon their arrows, rifles or snares for food, or upon those whose country they penetrated. If time permitted, the game taken was partially roasted over a fire; otherwise, it was eaten raw. The Indian can eat like a civilised man, three or four times a day and large quantities of anything set before him; or he can live for weeks and months upon the barest, simplest articles, such as one would scarcely think might sustain life in a sparrow. A few handfuls of parched corn, eaten two or three kernels at a time and chewed slowly and at great length, will sustain an Indian upon the trail to walk seventy miles a day for a week; and at the end of that time he shows no evidences of hunger or fatigue.

My captors conversed at length with the Oneidas — for it was in a village of the Oneidas where we had spent the night. Frequently I

heard pronounced the name of Thayendenaga, or Brant, as he was called by the whites, some rumours of whose hatred of the colonists had already been spread abroad. I had heard my father and Mr. Weaver speak about him, and I knew that they feared him, as they were not British sympathisers. I judged from the manner of my captors, that they were attempting to persuade the Oneidas to take some course which they did not care to follow, and that the name of Thayendenaga was used by them in the nature of a threat. Before we left the Oneida village, the woman who had given me the gruel came forward and bestowed upon me my first Indian name. She christened me by laying one of her hands between my shoulders and giving me a vigorous push, as I stumbled forward she called me Gwa-gon-sha.

At this, all the others laughed as though they had hit upon a rare good joke, and one of the boys about my own age clapped his hand over his mouth as I had done when scalded by the gruel, and danced about so comically that I joined in the laughter. In this way, I learned that my name was Hot Mouth. Each Indian name is applied from some peculiarity, accident,

incident, or circumstance, and it may be changed when some future occurrence makes a new name more expressive than the one already borne. As an instance, I might mention a boy who was very slim and tall and who was called Straight Legs, up to his fifteenth year. Then he met with an accident that stiffened one knee, and he was at once named Crooked Knee.

We went away to Onondaga, the capital city of the Iroquois, which we reached that afternoon, and during the evening a council was held, though I saw nothing of it, being tired almost to the point of falling from sheer exhaustion. The next day I saw a number of British officers, and a wild hope sprung up in my heart that they would rescue me. However, they paid no attention to me whatever, and when I attempted to speak to one of them, he told some Indians to take me out of his sight.

Later in the afternoon the council was continued, and some of the Indian boys in whose custody I had been placed, marched me to the council place where they might hear the speeches. A council is ever a matter of large interest with the Indians, and is attended by all the residents of a village, old and young, though

none but the sachems, elders and chiefs may speak.

The leader of the English party could not speak the Onondaga tongue, but must speak through an interpreter. Thus I heard and understood what he said. He told the Indians that the colonists were becoming rebellious and that the Great Father across the water would send his armies in big ships to subdue them. The colonists, he said, wanted to drive the Indians from their lands that they might possess their lands themselves. The Great Father did not want any more of the lands than those he already held by treaty. He simply wished to come here to trade with the Indians for their furs, for which he would send them ships loaded with blankets, guns, powder, lead and the tools that they needed. The English, he said, would help the Indians break up the strong settlements of colonists that were being started in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Susquehanna, and would not interfere with them if they should hunt out and destroy such detached settlements as might already be looked upon as outposts. He was pleased to know, said this officer, that all the nations of the Iroquois,

save the Oneidas, were on the side of the Great Father, whose children were treating him with such contempt that he must chastise them. All must unite in the effort, he said, to induce the Oneidas to remain loyal.

Then he distributed a large number of presents — knives, hatchets, pieces of cloth, beads, mirrors, trinkets and articles of clothing, which were handed around by two soldiers.

A few moments were spent in the inspection of the presents and in slowly smoking their pipes, and then the officer continued. Thayendenaga, he said, was in the confidence of the Great Father and knew all his plans. He had been across the sea and could describe the huge ships, the vast treasure and the mighty armies of the monarch who loved them and was ready and anxious to protect them in their homes.

The officer sat down, and into the circle stepped Thayendenaga, the terrible Mohawk. He was tall, lithe and supple, and his body, which was uncovered save for the waistcloth, glistened like polished bronze in the August sun. He walked slowly around the circle several times, his head erect, his eyes gazing far away in the heavens, before he spoke. Then slowly

he began, in a voice as low and soft as a woman's, but reaching every listener. Soon his words began to flow more rapidly, and he paced to and fro like a ferocious dog held in leash. Now his voice rolled out in tones of thunder and he appeared to tower a full head above his normal stature. The next moment he was bending nearly to the ground, dashing rapidly back and forth in the council place as if about to spring upon his listeners, and speaking in a snarling, wrangling manner that betrayed hatred and contempt. Thus he spoke, it may have been for hours, his mood changing many times, never for a moment ceasing action; and yet not receiving by word, or glance of eye, or sign of any nature, an indication as to whether those who listened approved or disapproved what he was saying.

When Thayendenaga ceased speaking, he quietly took his seat, and in an instant became the stoical, inexpressive savage. The pipe was passed, and when it had made its round, the sachems rose with grave dignity and marched away. The council was at an end for that day. The decision must wait. Since that time, now nearly seventy years in the past, I have heard the

giants of eloquence in our Capitol at Washington and in our teeming cities, but as I look back and think of them, I always reach the conclusion that Thayendenaga was the master of them all, and that the greatest oration I ever listened to in my life was the one of which I understood no single word.

# CHAPTER III

## A SUBJECT OF DISPUTE

We remained several days at Onondaga, and councils were held each afternoon. The Indians believe in long talks and deliberate discussion before deciding any weighty question, and no one is ever refused time to present his opinions. I understood from the manner in which the British officers conducted themselves that the Onondagas had decided to assist the English, as had another of the tribes, the Mohawks. The Cayugas and Senecas were known to be favourable, and the representatives of Britain were about to visit them for the purpose of holding councils. Then a General Council of the Iroquois was to be called, and the effort would be made to bring the Oneidas into line, thus insuring the aid of the most powerful confederacy ever formed by Indian tribes in compelling the colonists to wear the yoke of the mother country without complaint.

But our story has to do with other scenes than those around the council fire, and I must hasten to them.

We left Onondaga in canoes, and pushed forward over various lakes, rivers, streams and a few carrying places, through the territory of the Cayugas. We came at last to the country of the Senecas, passing through several small villages until we reached Chenandanah, the capital of the Senecas, which I shall refer to hereafter as Seneca Castle. This was a very large town, located on the bank of what you may know as the Genesee River, on a plain that comprised thousands of acres of finely cultivated land. The village contained more than one hundred and twenty houses, most of them long, after the manner of the one I have heretofore described, and constructed with great skill. Immense fields of corn, and gardens in which grew many vegetables stretched away on the plain, and it was a peaceful and beautiful view. The hills bordering the flat lands were deeply wooded, affording a supply of fuel near at hand, and unlimited opportunity for pursuing the chase.

Our arrival created no apparent interest whatever, as it was quite the ordinary thing for

parties of warriors, or hunters, to depart or arrive, and little more attention was paid either proceeding than would be given the flitting of a flock of birds. My captors were all residents of one of the long houses, and when we entered this, I was given in charge of an old woman, the only one present, for the others were away in the fields. She gave me a bowl of succotash, and when I had eaten it, she immediately boxed my ears with a vigor and rapidity that indicated that her age had not impaired her strength or agility. I did not know why she did it, but I afterwards learned that it was intended to teach me at the start that she was master. The men were greatly amused over the drubbing I received, but so far as I was concerned, it was not a laughing matter, and I kept as far as possible from the old woman's reach after that.

Several days passed without especial incident, although I observed that I was the subject of considerable attention. I soon learned that I was expected to keep within a certain territory, and that many duties fell to me to perform. I must fetch from the river all the water used in our long house, and while the quantity was not large — for none was required for

washing either clothing, dishes or persons — it was not an easy task, for the river was at some distance and the vessel in which the water must be brought was a heavy earthen jar, which was of itself no light thing to carry. Then, I must go with some of the older women to the woods and gather sticks for our fire, and drag them to the house. This was laborious work, and it seemed to me that the men and older boys ought to be engaged in it. I did not then know that the male Indian performed no work until he was too old to hunt or trap, or to go upon missions of plunder and warfare.

About a week after my arrival at the village, I noticed one afternoon that preparations were being made for some unusual event, and soon the chief who had been concerned in my capture came and took me to the wide common in the centre of the village, upon which all ceremonies were conducted. I was led to the place where the council or head men of the nation were seated, and was told to sit down before them.

It appears that the party that had brought me from my home was composed of men who really owed allegiance to two chiefs. They had been

abroad for the purpose of carrying messages to different British ports, and happened to meet. They had then united for the purpose of committing some depredation, and upon succeeding in capturing me and losing my sister, they had turned homeward. Upon arriving at Seneca Castle, each faction had set up a claim for my possession. As they could not agree, I had been given into the hands of the old woman until a plan might be decided upon to award me to one of the claimants.

Now, among the Iroquois there were eight clans, and these clans were divided into two groups. Those belonging to the clans of the Wolf, Bear, Beaver or Turtle were all brothers, and those belonging to the Deer, Snipe, Heron or Hawk clans, also were brothers. One who laid claim to me belonged to the clan of the Beaver, and the other was a member of the clan of the Hawk. It so happened that each of these claimants had a son, youths two or three years older than myself, each of whom had displayed some especial mark of bravery or skill in hunting that entitled him to the distinction of being intrusted with the leadership of small bands of men upon simple expeditions, and also to the

full initiation into the mysteries of their clan. One was Onontigo, or Scarred Cheek, of the clan of the Beaver. Across his left cheek were two livid scars made by the claw of a wolf, with which he fought two winters before, when the animals were driven by hunger to attack a party of women and children who were hauling to the village branches of trees to be used as firewood.

Onontigo covered the retreat of the imperilled women and children, and with great skill and unusual bravery he succeeded in keeping the howling pack of wolves from surrounding the party and cutting off retreat. To do this, he ran at right angles from the party he was endeavouring to protect, and the wolves, seeing him thus singled out, started in full chase upon his track. Turning at just the precise moment when it was possible for him to make his effort count, Onontigo dealt the leader of the pack a death blow with his hatchet, and then continued his run. The wolves instantly set upon their wounded leader and tore him into shreds; but in a few moments they were again in full chase after the Indian boy. Again he made a killing stroke, burying his hatchet so deep in the

head of the wolf that he could not wrench it free. But before he succeeded in doing this, the animal, leaping toward him, had cut Onontigo's cheek open with two terrible gashes extending from ear to nose. Without arm of any nature with which to defend himself, the Indian boy ran for his life toward the village, while the ferocious beasts fought with each other over the blood of their companion. By the time they were again on his trail — and they sprang forward with renewed speed on catching the scent of Onontigo's blood, sprinkled in a stream upon the hard, white crust—a number of hunters who had heard the alarm in the village, armed with javelins and a few guns, charged upon the barking, yelping pack and killed several of them before they could retreat. Another party of the men sped to the protection of the women and children, and brought them all safely within the village.

Onontigo, who had heretofore been known by a name describing some of his infantile pranks or accidents, was declared by the council to be worthy an honourable title, and he was given the privilege of selecting it.

"I will be called Scarred Cheek," he an-

nounced, "and when men shall speak my name it will serve to remind them that it was won by acts befitting the son of a chieftain of the Senecas."

Scarcely less brave was the act through which Hiokoto, the young Hawk, "won his spurs."

Westward about two hundred miles from the home of the Senecas, lived the tribe of the Eries, who had been subjected by the Iroquois, and who paid tribute to the great confederacy each year in furs and corn. Two years previous to my capture, a deputation consisting of four Senecas had been sent to the Eries to inform them that the tribute had been increased. So sure and terrible was the punishment dealt out to a subjected nation that offered an affront or resistance of any nature whatever to an Iroquois, that no danger was feared, and when the young Hawk begged that he might accompany the party, he was permitted to do so. The Eries met the deputation with every protestation of friendship and promised to pay the increased tribute. Some weeks prior to the visit, however, they had made a secret alliance with a neighbouring tribe, and together they had agreed to resist the Iroquois and to pay no fur-

ther tribute. Suddenly, as the council fire burned low and was about to be deserted, several warriors of the Eries rose in the darkness back of the Senecas, and threw themselves upon their visitors. The Senecas fought desperately, but were overpowered, bound and thrown into a small cabin for safe keeping. Two sentries were placed in charge of the prisoners, and swift runners were sent away to the allied tribe, summoning the men to attend the torture of four of their oppressors on the morrow.

In the excitement of the attack and capture, the young Hawk had escaped. Indeed, it does not appear that very much attention was paid to him, and it was probably thought that he would hide somewhere in the woods and could be easily picked up when daylight came. But the Eries did not know the stuff of which a young Seneca was made. The Hawk sank to the ground in a shallow, bog-like depression not far from the council fire, and waited, as silently as though he were of stone. He heard all that was said, knew where his friends were confined, heard the rejoicings and plans of the Eries, and saw the departure of the runners. Then he waited until the village slept; and long

after, too. He had a hunting knife, and with it clasped firmly in his right hand, he crept inch by inch as silently as the darkness itself, toward the cabin. When he came to the corner of the little structure, he saw one of the sentries sitting beside the open doorway, leaning back against the logs of which the cabin was composed. A few yards away, he saw the other sentry, toasting a piece of meat upon a pointed stick over the embers of the council fire.

Very quietly indeed, and yet swiftly the Hawk crept on — then rose, and bending over the half sleeping man, with one sure stroke buried his knife to the hilt in the sentry's breast, at the same time clasping his left hand over the man's mouth to prevent outcry. Death came so quickly and noiselessly that the companion of the dead man, intent upon his cooking at the fire, was not aware of the tragedy.

Then the Hawk pushed aside the body of the man he had slain, and picking up his hatchet seated himself in the doorway after the manner of the Erie. In a few moments, the man at the fire had finished toasting the meat, and arose to bring a portion of it to his companion. The Hawk's head was bent forward upon his breast

as though sleeping, and the Erie with a word of reproof, bent down as if to deal the sleeping man a blow upon the back and awaken him.

There was a whir in the air as the Hawk's right arm circled through the darkness, and the blow was so swift and sure that the man who received it never knew whence it came.

It was but the work of a moment to cut the thongs that bound the Hawk's companions, and when daylight came, they were well beyond pursuit. Within a week, the village of the Eries was visited one night by a band of Senecas, and scarcely one of its luckless inhabitants escaped alive.

When the story was told at Seneca Castle, the young Hawk was accorded all the praise that it was customary for these savage people to bestow; and that was the selection of the name which he should bear until he might perform deeds that in his own estimation should earn for him another name.

The Hawk said he would be called Hiokoto —the Silent Foot.

When you remember that very many Indians throughout their whole lives never reach the distinction of having the tribal council declare

that they are privileged to choose a name, you will have some idea of the honour that had come to these two Indian lads, but little older than myself, and with whom my life was to be so strangely cast for a considerable period.

# CHAPTER IV

## A SLAVE FOR THE PAWN

I HAVE been minute in telling these incidents concerning Hiokoto and Onontigo, that my readers may thus become somewhat acquainted with two persons of whom I shall have much to say, and also to give particular insight into the character of the Senecas, who up to that time were a nation that never produced a coward, man or woman.

From a number of circumstances I came to the conclusion that a test of skill in the use of arms, in agility and endurance was to be made between the Beaver and the Hawk, though for a time its purpose was not revealed to me. As the competition proceeded, however, a Seneca who could speak English informed me that the young chiefs were playing for high stakes. It was a contest to determine who should own a slave, and I was the pawn.

The Hawk first entered the arena, bearing a bow and arrows. Turning proudly to those

who were massed all around the great council place, he waved his hand toward the heavens. Then, fitting the arrow to the string, he drew the bow to its utmost extent and launched the shaft straight into the zenith. Up, up it went with a swiftness that was almost incredible, until it was lost to sight. But still all gazed upward, save Silent Foot, who moved not an inch from his tracks and looked calmly toward the judges. A gasp was heard from the crowd, and that instant a dark streak cleft the air, and with a blow that sunk the shaft half its length in the ground, the arrow struck within arm's length of the archer who had sent it forth. Still not moving his feet, the Hawk reached out and plucked the arrow from the ground; and then calmly returned to his place by the judges.

He was followed by the Beaver, who bounded to the centre of the ring with a yell on his lips that awoke the echoes on the distant hills. Almost contemptuously he shot his arrow, and then spread his arms out at full length and leaned backward as if inviting the weapon to return from the unknown heights to which it had been sent and find lodgment in his breast. I saw the arrow on its swift return, and expected to see it

strike the Beaver, as appeared to be his desire. It lodged, as did the arrow of the Hawk, within arm's length, and with a taunting laugh, Onontigo wrenched it from the ground and returned to his station.

The scorers laid upon the broad piece of bark before them two sticks, one coloured with the totem of the Beaver and the other with the totem of the Hawk. Each had made a point.

Now the Hawk came forward again, and faced a target of soft wood, forty yards away. Nine arrows were held in a quiver at his belt, and when he had waved his hand toward the judges to signify that he was ready, a shout was given by one of them. Almost instantly, an arrow sped and struck the target in the centre, while, following it at intervals of not over a second, its eight fellows buried their flinty heads so closely beside it that the sharp stroke of flint against flint was heard, and sparks of fire glittered in the air. A murmur of admiration followed the judges as they lifted the target from its place and bore it around the ring that all might see the nine arrows so closely together embedded in the wood that a knife blade could not be thrust between them.

When a new target had been set up, the signal was given to the Beaver, and again he leaped forward with a shout of assurance. As for the result, no eye could detect a shade of difference in the performance, and when careful comparison had been made, the scorers gave to each contestant another point.

The next trial of skill was introduced by the Beaver. Taking his place in the centre of the arena, bow in hand, he shouted, and one of his clan threw into the air a piece of wood shaped after the fashion of a pigeon. It presented a difficult mark, for it whirled rapidly in the air and was most erratic in its course. The arrow missed by a hand's breadth and the Beaver shouted for the target to be thrown again. This time the arrow found its mark. The target was thrown aloft seven times, and was hit by five of the seven arrows.

The Hawk followed, but he missed three out of the seven trials, and the score stood one point against him.

The afternoon was now nearly spent, and the judges, without a word, arose and stalked away. The crowd which had been singularly quiet through the exhibition, broke into the most ex-

cited discussion imaginable. The interpreter who had given me some explanation of the proceedings, told me that there would be more of it on the following day, and my ancient guardian marched me away to our long house.

The next afternoon, all the village was assembled precisely as on the first day, but it was plain to be seen that the interest had deepened. A large slab of bark was set up, on which was painted the rude outline of a man. Thirty paces away was a line over which the contestant must not pass. Some distance back of this stood the Beaver, and at a signal he darted forward until he came to the line, and as he stopped, a knife flashed from his hand with the speed of a bullet and struck the target. The scorers marked the place where it struck, the knife was tossed back to the contestant and he ran and threw again as before. This was repeated perhaps fifteen or twenty times; and then the Hawk was given trial. The system of scoring this test was quite elaborate and called for the attention of both judges and scorers. A vital point in the figure counted high, while if the knife struck one of the legs, arms or shoulders, a smaller count was given. If the knife missed the out-

line by the smallest possible space, no count was given.

Next, a small pole was planted firmly in the ground, and coloured sticks were set around it at a distance of about thirty paces, describing a circle. Four tomahawks were laid upon the ground, one at what may be termed each quarter of the circle. The contestant might run the circle as many times as he wished, making feints at catching up the tomahawks, and while at full pace hurling them at the post; but when one of the weapons had been thrown, the remaining three must follow in the same round. The spectators became so noisy during this trial that the judges were compelled to warn them to keep silence. It was the most spectacular of the games yet presented, and I found myself leaning forward and shouting in excitement; though I subsided quickly enough when I caught sight of the old woman's scowling visage and shaking fist menacing me from the front row on the woman's side of the arena.

Now a longer pole was set up, leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees. A thin thong suspended from the top held at its lower end a stone as large as a man's fist. This was set swinging,

and the contestant standing fifteen paces away, threw his knife in the attempt to cut the thong as nearly as possible to the weight. Neither the Hawk nor the Beaver, although each had seven trials, could accomplish this feat, and one of the judges, with a contemptuous grunt, stepped forward and threw his knife. The thong was parted by the keen blade less than an inch above the stone.

The score was announced, and the Beaver marched proudly from the field, boasting of his prowess to all who accompanied him, four points in the lead.

# CHAPTER V

## I CREATE A SENSATION

THAT night our long house, as well as all the other houses in our village, was for hours the scene of most intense excitement. All who were of the Wolf, Bear, Beaver or Turtle clans were partisans of Scarred Face; while those of the Deer, Snipe, Heron or Hawk clans were equally enthusiastic for Silent Foot. I soon discovered that the men were indulging their love for gambling to the utmost by laying wagers as to the result of the morrow. Nothing was too valuable or highly prized to be withheld. Bows, arrows, javelins, rifles, hatchets, blankets, furs, garments, belts of wampum, adornments, bracelets, moccasins, trinkets, head-dresses, canoes, ball racquets—everything upon which they could lay their hands, or which the women did not conceal, was put at stake on the result. The articles were heaped up everywhere, for it was the custom of two bettors, when they had agreed upon the terms of a wager,

to lay down together the articles at stake, and when the bet was decided, he who had won went to the spot and carried away his winnings.

For some reason, I had become a partisan of the Hawk. I suppose it was because he did not have so arrogant and boastful a bearing as had the Beaver, and so, imagining that he would prove a kindlier master, I hoped that he would win me. Mingling among the men, listening to their excited language and watching their gestures, it is no wonder that the spirit of savagery took root in my blood, and I felt its hot impulses coursing through my veins. I could not resist its call, nor did I try to do so. I searched out the interpreter and asked him if I might bet upon the Hawk.

"Yes," he said, "me fix it"; and he grinned with delight, as it happened that he also was a supporter of Hiokoto.

He told the groups of men of my request, and immediately I became a new centre of interest, as it greatly pleased them. They gathered around me, and I discovered that most of them knew some English words.

"What you bet?" "What you bet?" several of them inquired.

I pointed to my cap of coonskin, my homespun woollen jacket and shirt, my knitted stockings, and heavy, homemade boots. I took my jack-knife from my pocket and exhibited it with pride, and then said I would wager all.

"This?" asked one, taking hold of my trousers.

I shook my head, and for a moment remembered that I was at least partly civilised.

One of the young men left the house, and in a few moments returned, followed by three youths of about my own age, and a crowd of men who had been told that the little prisoner wanted to enter the lists.

Then ensued long haggling, of which I understood little except by signs. Finally, however, the adjustments were made, and I had staked my possessions as follows: My coat was placed against a small bark canoe, and each of the three horn buttons upon it were cut off and placed against strings of wampum. My cap matched a fine head-dress made of feathers and ornamented with porcupine quills. Against one of my boots stood a magnificent bearskin, while the other was wagered with the same youth against a set of bone dice. One of my stockings was

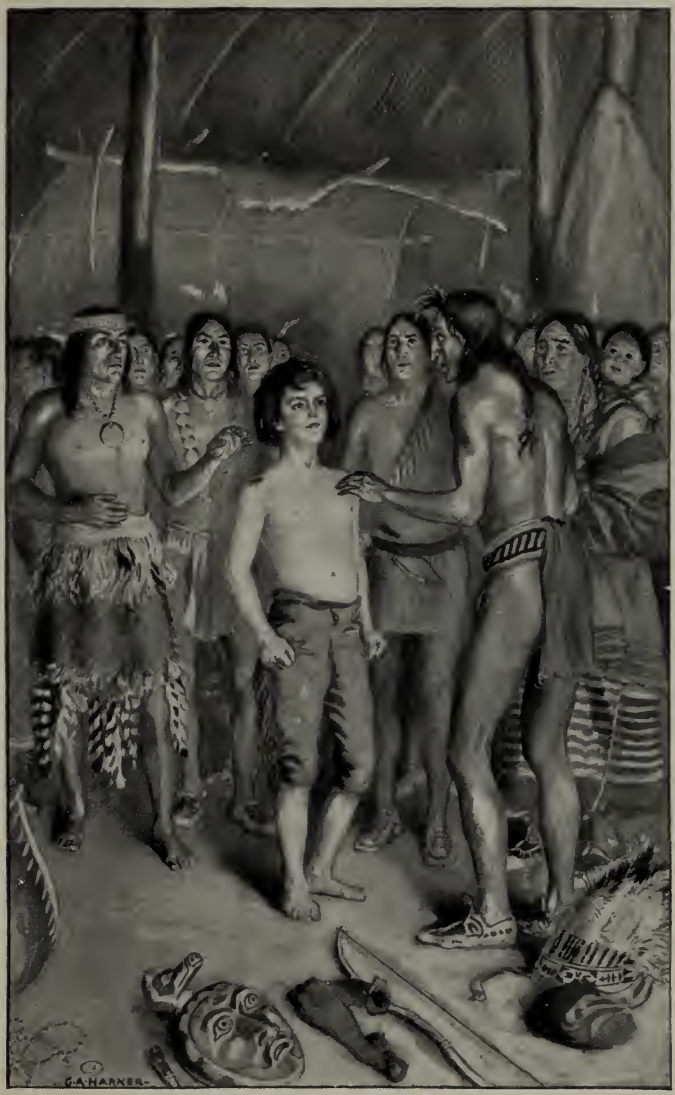
wagered against a bow, and the other was placed against four arrows. The large flat brass button which held my shirt together at the neck was considered my most valuable possession, and one of the men finally secured the privilege of betting against it a magnificent girdle of mink skins, a thousand times the value of the button, and reaching from my waist to my knees. I saw my pocket knife put up in opposition to a hideous wooden mask, and I considered it a very poor bargain indeed.

There remained my shirt, for which many offers had been made, but which were spurned by those who were aiding me. Finally a young brave who coveted the sumac-dyed garment as a gift to his bride, came forward and offered to stake it against a human scalp!

Again the savage spirit in me lost its power, and I protested with many shakings of my head.

"No, no," I cried, for I at that moment remembered that my father had taught me that a display of pride and bravery was the most effective manner to assume in dealing with Indians, "Hot Mouth will take his own scalps!"

My words were repeated in the Seneca tongue around the circle, and I saw that I had gained




An exclamation of mingled surprise, awe, and astonishment went through the assemblage.

immensely in their estimation. Even the women and girls looked upon me with new admiration, and the old woman who had me in charge beamed upon me as though she was about to take me in her embrace.

I stepped forward and took from the hands of a youth who had offered it as a wager, a large buckskin that was tanned until it was soft as cloth, and stripping my shirt from my body, placed them together on the ground.

As I turned my back to the fire and stooped forward to deposit the garment and buckskin together, an exclamation of mingled surprise, awe and astonishment went through the assemblage.

"Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah! Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah!" they said, one after the other and in concert, and I observed that they fell back from me and looked into each other's faces.

I gazed about inquiringly a moment, and then asked of the interpreter what was meant.

He came forward, almost reverently, "Great medicine," he said, bowing. "Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah!" and then touched me softly upon the right shoulder.

I remembered then what I had until that mo-

ment forgotten. My father and mother had been residents of Connecticut before coming to the Mohawk Valley, and a short time before I was born an alarm was spread abroad that an uprising of the neighbouring Indians was threatened. One evening at dusk as my mother sat upon the rude step in front of the house, a man rode up on horseback and told her to warn her husband to be prepared for attack, as Indians had been seen in the forests some miles distant the day before, and it was feared that it might be a party of marauders. The settlers were being notified, and armed parties had started out to guard the settlement. The messenger departed, leaving my mother in a very nervous state. Suddenly she heard a whirring noise, and an object struck her right shoulder. She fell in a swoon, where my father found her a few minutes later. She supposed that she had been struck by an arrow, when in reality it was a nestling robin just attempting his first blundering flight.

When I was born, upon my right shoulder was a birthmark — a scarlet arrowhead!

I can but poorly describe at this distance of time the scene or proceedings that followed the

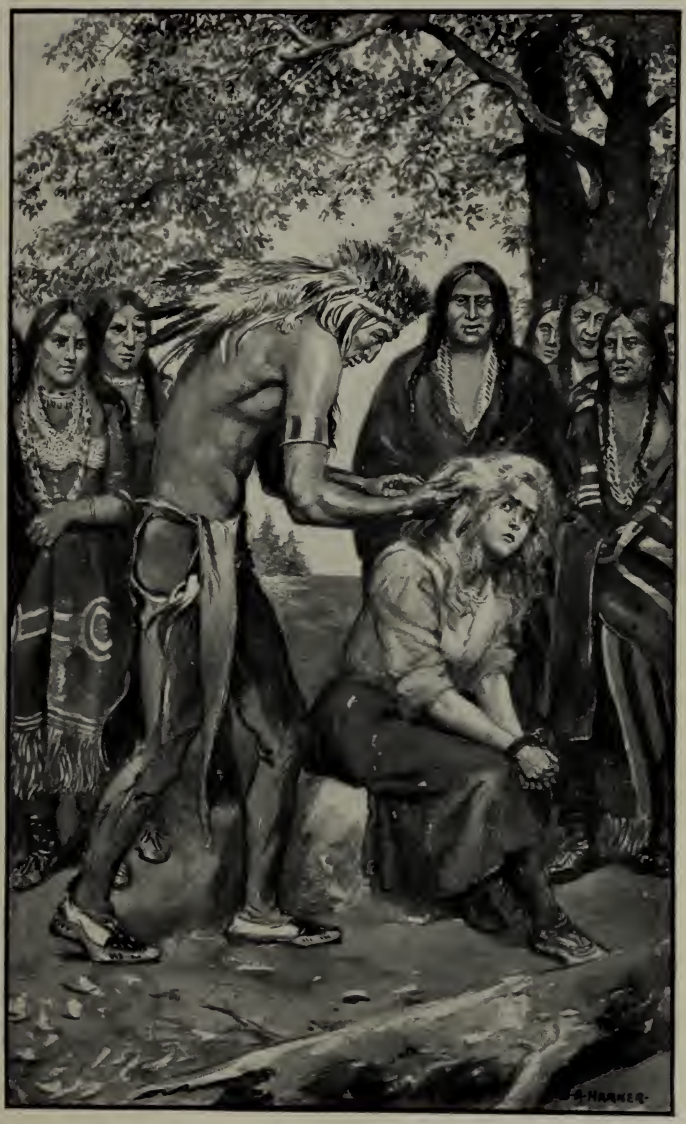
discovery of this mark that August night in a long house of the Senecas. "Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah," which they had pronounced with so great awe, was the name of the most ancient and secret of all the fraternal societies of the Senecas, and its members were more closely bound together than could be knit by even the ties of blood. It was confined, perhaps, to fifty members, and to them was attributed knowledge greater than that possessed by any others. Each member was supposed to bear some secret mark, mysteriously placed upon him by the Great Spirit, and from the fact that they ever wore a tight fitting, sleeveless shirt of buckskin, it was the popular belief that this mark was upon the back or one of the shoulders. When the arrowhead upon my shoulder — vivid against the white skin — was revealed to the crowd of superstitious savages in the long house, some one involuntarily pronounced the name of the mysterious fraternity, and they at once surmised that even among the palefaces this society had membership.

Not realising any part of this, I did not know what to do, and stood like a statue before them. The men filed past me and gazed in silence upon the blazing mark; youths fell away and talked

in low tones; women and girls timidly crowded to my side, softly stroked my arms and breast or touched my back with the tips of their fingers.

Then the head man of our house said something in a loud voice, and instantly the scene became one of confusion. The men darted hither and yon, seizing every movable thing not already pledged, and ran from the house. The head man had told them that I, as a member of the Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah, had wagered upon the Hawk, and that he surely would prevail over the Beaver. They would bet their all, their lives, the last treasure or trinket in their possession — except their secret "medicine." They ran everywhere, offering their wagers, and those who had bet upon the Beaver vied with their former opponents in securing risks upon the Hawk.

The old woman came to me and in pleading tones and with many meek nods of her head, begged me to rest. She had saved a robe out of the general sack of the house, and this she spread before the fire, crooning a song as she did so. I sank down, and gazed into the glowing pit, picturing over and over again the strange scenes of the day and night, and thinking how pleasant it was to be a savage!




Then I saw him approach the shrinking, beautiful creature.

Just as I was dozing off, a gentle touch upon my shoulder aroused me, and I looked into the dark but smiling face of Hiokoto, the Hawk.

"Brother!" he whispered in my own tongue, "brother, the Silent Foot will win against the Beaver!"

And in the instant he had disappeared.

# CHAPTER VI

## THE FINAL TEST

THE contests of the third and last day were opened early in the forenoon, and it was plain to be seen that the interest and excitement had reached a point where nothing short of the appearance of an enemy could have drawn attention away from the proceedings From some of the smaller villages at a considerable distance, numbers of families had come, and I do not doubt that over two thousand people were present.

The old woman came to me early in the morning, bringing a piece of buckskin, shaped so that it fitted around my neck and shoulders, covering my back and breast half way to my waist, and this she laced carefully with a piece of rawhide. She talked continually, and one of the men who spoke a few English words told me that she was warning me not to permit anyone to remove the covering, on pain of great displeasure on the part of my guardian spirits, until permis-

sion should be given by the members of Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah. Indeed, all with whom I came in contact treated me with so great reverence that I became quite impressed with my importance, and more than half believed that there must be some potent virtue in the mark upon my shoulder. I observed, also, that I was more carefully guarded than before, being constantly in charge of friends of the Hawk, who regarded me as a mascot that would cause their champion to win and thereby make certain all their wagers. On the other hand, friends of the Beaver were constantly watching my every movement, and I soon learned that they might attempt my capture. Once in their hands, the influence I could exert for Onontigo's opponent would disappear. Superstition ever rules the Indian's mind, and it is probable that nine-tenths of the people present believed that the Beaver had no chance whatever in the final result unless my influence against him could be overcome.

To this end, medicine men whom the Beaver had engaged, clad in hideous masks and grotesque costumes, came forward, beating upon drums, and performed their rites in front of me. Not half understanding their meaning, and fear-

ing that I was about to be tortured, I looked on in dumb amazement. No protest was made against this by Silent Foot's friends, for the Indian holds in respect every ceremony in which another may engage. But finally the ceremony ceased and the maskers departed. The monotonous "hoh-hoh-hoh" with which they had accompanied their forms had interested, rather than frightened me, and excited my curiosity, but they did not cause me to disappear in the air. It was evident that my "medicine" was more powerful than theirs, and they must await some opportunity to seize me.

Two men stepped out into the arena bearing long, light poles which were connected with a thong about ten feet long. When they set the poles upright, the Hawk went forward, and stretching his right arm straight above his head, the thong just touched the tips of his fingers. He stepped back a few paces, and then, running forward, he crouched and sprang, clearing the cord by an inch and landing gracefully on the other side. He was followed closely by the Beaver, who ran a longer distance before leaping, and who cleared the cord, although his effort appeared more laboured.

The poles were lowered and the cord was moved up the breadth of the Hawk's hand. Again he leaped as before, and safely passed the mark. The Beaver followed, and though he cleared the cord, one of his shoulders struck it lightly in the descent. He had lost one mark in the scoring.

Three times the width of the Hawk's hand was the cord moved up the second time, and some of his friends shook their heads in grave doubt. My heart stood still as the lithe young athlete ran forward to leap. Up, up, he rose, his body as perpendicular as a plumb line, clearing the cord by at least a hand's breadth and coming to the ground as lightly as a soft-filled ball. I clapped my hands in glee, but an angry, ominous growl of protest arose all about me and I sank back in fear. The Beaver essayed the leap, but he must have known that he would fail, for he did not jump as high as on the first occasion. He struck the cord half way up his thighs and would have pitched forward upon the ground had not the attendants loosed their hold upon the poles, which fell clattering by the jumper's side.

After a long discussion on the part of the

judges, it was decided that the Beaver had lost two points by this failure, and he remained one point in the lead.

The Hawk and the Beaver now appeared on the field facing each other, while the chief of the judges approached and made them an address. He told them how necessary it was for young men to be skilled in all the arts in which they had shown such proficiency, and how proud the people were of their high accomplishments. He declared that all their young companions had been watching them with deep interest, and the examples they had set would be followed by many, some of whom would no doubt soon be fitted to challenge them to trials of skill and endurance.

They were complimented on the good temper they had displayed toward each other, and the chief added that no one who could not be pleasant and cheerful toward a contestant was fit to bear the honoured name of a Seneca. They were about to engage in a personal encounter, the speaker said, and he warned them that no unfair advantage must be taken, that anger must not be betrayed in the slightest form, and that any evidence of unfairness would at once be re-

garded by the judges as sufficient reason to give their decision against the one offending.

As the judge concluded his long address, the Hawk and the Beaver commenced circling around each other, their heads bent forward and watching every movement. Suddenly there was a leap, as though both were touched by some hidden spring, and they came together in a grapple that cannot be likened to anything I have ever since beheld. Now they were down upon the ground, rolling back and forth with a rapidity that was simply marvellous; the next instant their bodies were upright, swaying from side to side, forward and backward like fireweeds in the fitful gusts of a summer gale; or, perhaps, for a few moments they stood at arm's length, grasping each other by the elbows and shoulders, each looking his antagonist straight in the eyes and smiling through lips whence issued the hot breath, like the panting of a dog. Again and again they were down, and as often up. So rapid were their movements that at times I could not distinguish the men, and so spellbound was I by the quick changes, the momentary shifting from one position to another, that I lost all sense of everything else on earth and watched the

strife with a fascination that made me every moment more and more the savage. Finally in their struggles the men neared where I sat, and then, by a feint as though he would break away, the Beaver got both arms around the Hawk's waist and slowly, but surely, bent him backward. Over the Hawk's shoulder the Beaver's face shone like the face of a fiend, and his eyes gleamed with the light of victory. Inch by inch the Hawk was bent backward, and the vast assemblage, as silent as death itself, momentarily expected to see him fall with the triumphant Beaver upon his breast.

I was upon my knees, leaning forward with bated breath, all my sympathies aroused for the Hawk. Involuntarily I raised my hand to wipe away the perspiration that was streaming down my face, and something like a groan escaped my lips. A rough hand caught me by the hair and pulled me back with an exclamation of anger, and a thrill ran through the crowd, for at that very instant, the Hawk, by a tremendous effort, twisted suddenly to the right, breaking the Beaver's hold. Then in the twinkling of an eye, the Hawk caught the Beaver by his right arm and thigh, and, lifting the struggling body above his

head, tossed his luckless antagonist toward the centre of the arena. The Hawk stood motionless, save for his laboured breathing, and not a sound arose from those who watched. The chief judge finally nodded his head, and a youth carried a gourd of water to the Hawk, who took it and advanced to where the Beaver lay as he had fallen — stunned and in a heap, like one who was dead. The Hawk straightened out the Beaver's body, bathed his temples, and putting his hands under the unconscious man's back, gently raised and lowered the body many times, thus restoring respiration. The Hawk bent down and gave the Beaver some water out of the gourd, and then tenderly lowered the injured athlete until he lay comfortably at full length. All this was done to prove that he bore no enmity against the man he had overcome. Had the fall resulted in the Beaver's death, the Hawk would have borne his body to the dead man's home, supplied his grave with food to sustain him on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and weapons to use after reaching there, and contributed to the support of his parents a liberal share of his fruits of the chase or trapping.

The judges gave an order, and several young

men placed the Beaver on a blanket and bore him from the field. The score was declared to be even.

I suppose that at such a point in a contest between white athletes, the friends of the victor would have cheered, and all the spectators would have leaped to their feet and either engaged in a discussion of the events, or would have hurried away to their homes. But not so with an Indian audience, though everyone knew that the Beaver had lost. Men, women and children were as impassive and silent as though they were listening to the speech of a mighty sachem. The score was a tie, and the Beaver still had a chance.

After a few moments, a command was given and the Hawk bounded forward and crouched at a line. I marvelled over his freshness so soon following his tremendous exertions in the wrestling bout, for as he waited there for the word, be betrayed no signs of fatigue. Now he was away like a fleet-footed deer toward a post a half mile out upon the plain, where two fluttering strips of cloth could be faintly seen. He ran as he would have run had the Beaver been at his side, and reaching the turning point, he leaped up and caught one of the streamers, and

then whirled about for the return. Like the wind, he bore back upon us, never slackening pace, but glancing frequently over his shoulder as if to gage the distance by which he led his competitor. With a final leap, he laid the piece of cloth at the feet of the judges, and immediately retired.

The judges waited patiently for several moments, and then gravely announced that Hiokoto had won the contest.

But at that moment, three members of the Beaver clan came forward repeating the word "U-wa-yi," "U-wa-yi," several times, and pointing to me. The meaning of it was that by raising my hand at the instant the Beaver was about to overcome the Hawk, I had exercised the charm of the Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah and had fouled their brother.

Then they demanded that the council be assembled and that I be tried upon the charge.

# CHAPTER VII

## EDUCATION IN SAVAGE ARTS

ALTHOUGH the afternoon was well advanced, the drum summoning a council was beaten, the sagwahs and elders of the tribe gathered in a circle, and the women and young children massed around them. A small fire was lighted, as no formal council was ever held by the Iroquois that was not conducted around a fire. The significance of this was that the ascending smoke carried to the Happy Hunting Grounds the words of the speakers, and the belief was firm that the Great Spirit would hear and carefully consider what his children had to say, and would guide them in arriving at a decision.

Some part of the proceedings were made known to me at the time, and later I learned all about them. I was accused of exerting some secret power, known only to myself, against Onontigo, causing him to lose the wrestling contest at a moment when it seemed certain to all

that he must win. There was no objection to my using this power in my own behalf, but to use it in the assistance of another, to the harm and defeat of a third, was a foul proceeding and should be punished by turning me over to the one whom I had thus injured, either for torture or any other disposition he wished to make of me. When the long harangue in which these charges were set forth had been delivered, I was given permission to reply. This I could not do in person, but the chief who had led the party concerned in my capture, made reply as my advocate. He had heavy wagers at stake upon the Hawk, and he argued skilfully in my favour from personal motives. He pointed out that I was only a white boy and that it was not probable that I possessed any of the wonderful and mysterious knowledge of Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah. If I did, he said, it was the duty of the council to deal with me. For many generations this secret society had existed among the Iroquois, and some of those who were listening to his words were members. The Senecas honoured and respected the Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah. They knew that the Great Spirit sometimes sent messengers to talk to its circle, and surely they

must not do anything to affront those who were in such high favour with the Great Spirit.

Finally, the chief suggested that I be given over to the care of the Hawk until such time as the Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah should make test, and upon the decision of the mystics should depend my fate.

This was received with great favour by the council, and after a short season of smoking, all wagers were declared off until the final decision had been rendered.

In the meantime, the Hawk was my keeper; my punishment or torture was postponed, and my fate rested in the hands of the fearful secret clan.

I was taken away in triumph to the long house of Hiokoto, which was somewhat smaller than the average Seneca dwelling, and was occupied almost entirely by relatives of the young athlete. From the start, it was evident that he held for me a peculiar affection, and instead of becoming a slave and drudge, I was made the equal of any of the Indian boys in the village.

My education began at once, and in this, Indian patience was never better displayed. Si-

lent Foot was my constant companion, and I was seldom out of his sight. This was a necessary precaution, for it soon became known that the Beaver was determined upon revenge, and it was believed that he would not hesitate to use any means to bring about my death. This in reality worked to my advantage, for Silent Foot never rested a moment in the duty of equipping me with the skill to care for myself. He taught me to use the bow, javelin, knife and tomahawk, and was never satisfied with a fair performance. He wrestled with me and explained every trick that he knew himself. He taught me how to run without fatigue; how to follow the trail; how to conceal one's movements and footprints; how to start a fire and cook food; how to trap, fish and hunt; how to move in the various dances; how to play every game.

The summer passed. The autumn came, and winter followed it, with no word or hint from the Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah. All the time, however, I felt that I was under observation by some secret force, and I knew well enough that the mystics were watching me with almost as much care as was Silent Foot himself.

Long before the coming of spring, I had mas-

tered the Seneca tongue and spoke or thought no more in English. Also, I had adopted the Indian dress, as there was nothing else to do, I had stained my body to make it brown, and I delighted in decorations of brilliant paint on my face. I had become a savage in manners and instinct, and thought mostly upon deeds and acts in which I could display my daring, bravery, skill, endurance and cunning.

The long evenings of that first winter, as I now look back upon them, were filled with constant delight, for it was then that I heard for the first time the recital of those wonderful legends, and the reading of the curious wampum strings — the only literature of the Iroquois tribes.

My readers will pardon me, I trust, if at this point I drop the thread of my story for a short chapter in which I will describe these "literary circles," as they may quite correctly be called, in an Iroquois village.

# CHAPTER VIII

## WAMPUM AND LEGENDS

I KNOW that most of those who read these lines will have heard that wampum was the Indian money. This is not true, as the Indians had no money or medium of exchange prior to their intercourse with the whites. When the adventurers from Europe came to these shores, they were searching for gold and silver, and they endeavoured to find out whether the Indians knew anything about these metals and their uses. They soon discovered that the thing held in highest value by the Indians was their wampum; and so it quite naturally came to be known as the money of the savages.

The wampum at that time was made in this manner: A strip was taken from the skin of a buck, running the full length along the back, and about a foot wide. Upon this buckskin was fastened with sinews and fine thongs of rawhide a great variety of small objects, of which

no two were alike. One might be a shell picked up from the shore of a lake; another a small knot of wood; the third a piece of bone; a fourth a small section of a deer horn; many of them curiously shaped stones and pebbles.

Now, each of these objects was a picture, and just as soon as the fingers of the wampum reader touched it, he commenced the story to which it referred. I recall that in one place on the wampum string was fastened a piece of charred bone, and when this was reached, the reader told a story of how a bolt of lightning came and set on fire a long house in the night, so suddenly and completely enveloping it in flames that none of the inmates escaped. The story was told with many embellishments and occupied half an evening. Two kernels of corn illustrated the most fruitful year the Senecas had ever known, and further along was a symbol that told of a year of want and suffering. It was the shell of a small snail, from which the under part had been cut away and it was fastened upon the skin like a cup — empty; a silent token of the dread experiences, when want and famine stalked through the wilderness and scores were laid low by their heavy hands. A broken flint arrow-

head told the story of a great war against one of the western tribes. It was not shaped as were the arrowheads of the Senecas, for it was long and slim and not so cleverly made. It was from the vanquished tribe, and was a mute witness of the great punishment dealt out to the distant enemies. How boastfully the reader detailed the story of the expedition; the progress over the long and weary trail; the careful approach; the swift descent upon the chief village of the tribe; the slaughter and burning; the pillage, the prisoners and their torture! No wonder that the Indian boys who heard related this story with all the embellishments of natural acting and their wonderful oratory, were fired with a zeal to follow the example set by their forefathers! Nor is it strange that this zeal soon possessed me, and that each day I became more and more the savage!

This old style of wampum was common among all the tribes of the Iroquois when I was one of their number. But there had appeared another form, and it came to us from the shore tribes — those living along the seacoast. They were the first to come in contact with the whites, and their wampum was more beautiful than ours

of the interior. They made their wampum out of clam shells, splitting the blue from the white, and forming long four-, six-, or eight-sided beads. Through these were drilled holes lengthwise, and the beads were strung on rawhide thongs or sewed on belts of buckskin. Figures were formed of the colours and these intricate patterns were the picture stories of the facts to be recorded. Only the maker, or those to whom he revealed the secret, knew how to read these wonderful pages. I have seen blankets woven in strange patterns and in many colours by the Indians of the Far West, and I may here tell you that each of these blankets records a story of its own. They are all carefully planned and thought out before they are commenced, and if we might know what is there recorded, we might be the possessors of many a curious tale.

It was a slow and tedious process to shape these clam shell beads by hand, and the whites, seeing how highly they were prized by the Indians, soon set up rude machines and commenced the manufacture of wampum beads in large quantities. These were exchanged for furs, and soon became the medium of exchange

—Indian money. Laws were passed concerning it in European countries, as I have heard, and it was quoted throughout Holland, England and France the same as gold or silver.

Traders went all over the country, as far west as the head waters of the Mississippi, exchanging shell wampum for the most beautiful and valuable furs ever produced in any country in the world. I have, in fact, seen beautiful otter skins given for a handful of wampum beads. Down over the Great Lakes and through the St. Lawrence, or over the "water route" of what is now the Empire State, passed an almost constant procession of canoes, loaded with the skins of animals killed by the Indians, most of which were exchanged for wampum beads, iron hatchets or rum.

So it happened that the old form of wampum passed away, and what had been Indian history took on the quality of money and was employed in barter and exchange.

I must not neglect to tell you of another form of Indian literature. You boys and girls who are accustomed to many books of all kinds may find it difficult to comprehend the Indian story book, but I will endeavor to make it plain.

The wampum was read and explained only by certain old men, chosen for that purpose and designated as wampum keepers. The stories, or legends, were told by anyone, but so careful were they to preserve these stories in their purity that the person attempting to relate one of them and making a mistake, instantly became the subject of derision and contempt. These relations took on something of a religious aspect, not unlike the reading of the Law in a Jewish Synagogue, for during the relation of a legend, no word was spoken by a listener, and the silence was broken only by the low, intense tones of the speaker. We sat in rows along the raised platforms on either side of the long house, and whoever was speaking the legend, slowly paced up and down the clay floor, the moccasined feet giving forth no sound. At times, as the story demanded, the speaker would freely use gestures, describing the flight of a bird, the shuffling gait of the bear, or the crouching, cautious approach of a panther upon its prey, thus adding to the story a flavour not to be discovered in a plain and passionless recital.

It could not be otherwise that the legends thus told were impressive and were regarded as

absolutely faithful accounts of what had transpired. The Indian mind was childlike. A phenomenon in nature could not be explained scientifically, for the Indian knew nothing of science, and so he must find a natural and simple explanation. For instance, the echo of a voice sent back from a steep cliff or wooded river bank was not to the Indian a rebound of sound waves, but was the voice of an invisible spirit, ever listening to catch the words of those on earth and to shout them to another spirit stationed at a point nearer the Happy Hunting Grounds. And so the message would be shouted from one to another, on and on, until it died away in the distance and finally was taken to the ears of the friends who had gone before.

There were hundreds of these legends, many of them involved with the very many curious beliefs they held as to the future life, but the greater number calculated to impress the young with the duty they owed to their elders. It was not unusual for the legend telling to last the greater part of a night, and then we would eat bowlfuls of the hot succotash, and roll up in our fur coverings to sleep as long as one might wish, for there was no call to go away in the morning

to school, or to perform any particular duty at a stated time.

One of the shorter legends I will repeat for you here, that you may judge for yourself as to their beauty and compare them with other folk-lore stories you may have read:

### NIS-GO-WUK-NA

"Before the Great Spirit made the earth ready for men to live upon, all the world was covered with snow and ice. White and frozen lay the rivers and lakes; white and frozen lay the plains; the hills and mountains stood tall and dead — white and frozen like all else. There was nowhere any colour, except in the sky, and that was almost black.

"Then the Great Spirit looked about the Happy Hunting Grounds to see whom he should send upon the earth to break the chains of frost, and finally he saw a youth, Nis-go-wuk-na, whom the white people call Spring. And Nis-go-wuk-na had red lips, and his hair was made of the fire of the great light.

"The Great Spirit called Nis-go-wuk-na, and into his arms piled many flowers — anemones,

and violets of red, yellow and blue were with them, and blossoms and buds of all kinds for the trees and shrubs. Into Nis-go-wuk-na's hunting bag the Great Spirit also put sweet water for the maple trees, and green leaves to distribute everywhere; and then the Great Spirit told the youth he should go and prepare the earth for man.

"The first animal to greet Nis-go-wuk-na as he came to the earth was a white rabbit, and the youth dropped a red crocus on the rabbit's head, and ever since that time all white rabbits have red eyes.

" Bye-and-bye a white bird came fluttering toward Nis-go-wuk-na, and when it drew near the youth tossed a blue violet, and, behold! the bird became blue. Ever since that time the bluebird is the first one to greet Nis-go-wuk-na when he comes each year from the Happy Hunting Grounds.

" So Nis-go-wuk-na went over the world, and wherever he tossed the leaves from his fragrant burden, the earth and trees became green.

" He sprinkled some of the blossoms upon the streams and lakes, and the ice melted and the fish became painted with the tints of the flowers.

This is the way the trout found his red spots.

"And to Nis-go-wuk-na everything came to be painted by his flowers — except the high mountains, which would not bow their heads, and these remain white and dead, for the youth could reach only to a certain distance up their sides. But the snow owls and polar bears fled from Nis-go-wuk-na, and they remain white to this day."

## CHAPTER IX

### AGAIN A PRISONER

THUS passed the winter, and as I recall it now after the lapse of so many years, I regard it as one of the most delightful of all the winters in my life. I was the constant companion of Silent Foot, whose patience in teaching me the sports, the wiles and lure of hunters, and the tricks and subterfuges of warriors was indeed a marvel. Only twice during the winter did I see the Beaver. He had taken up his residence in one of the villages further to the south, and one day he stalked into our village with a party of young men who had been hunting deer upon the snow crust. The Hawk and I had also been out hunting with three or four other young men, and we had secured a fine buck. As we were bearing it into the village we were met by the party headed by the Beaver. They shouted in derision at our game, for they had been fortunate enough to kill four

deer, which they dragged forward easily over the smooth crust on branches of cedar.

"The women could do better than Hiokoto's followers," said Onontigo, pointing to us.

"We kill only for our needs," was the Hawk's cool reply. "Thus the old men have taught us."

There was a saying among the Senecas that the hunter who killed beyond his need would hunger many days, and it was frequently impressed upon the young men by the sagwahs. The Beaver knew the saying well, and to have it repeated to him by the Hawk angered him greatly.

"The winter is long, and we provide for the future," he replied, with some scorn.

"Hiokoto's young men do not have to catch the deer when the white blanket traps them," retorted the Hawk as we passed along. He referred to the fact that it was much easier to kill deer when there was a heavy crust on the snow than at any other time. The animals bounding over the crust would frequently break through, thus practically imprisoning them and leaving them at the mercy of the hunter.

I did not soon forget the manner in which

Scarred Cheek scowled at me as we moved forward, nor the significant motion toward his knife, followed by raising his hand to his head and tracing with his finger a circle around his scalp-lock. I knew then that he had not forgotten his claim upon me, and that he would make me serious trouble did opportunity arise, I had little doubt.

A few weeks later, Silent Foot and I were abroad upon our snow-shoes. We had been camping two or three days, during which time I had been given many lessons in winter woodcraft, and we were now upon our way home. Suddenly, the Hawk, who was leading, came to a halt. I was at his side with another step and stood immediately beside him. We heard voices and laughter some distance ahead and to the right, though we could not see anybody through the thick evergreens which at that place made up the forest.

"Onontigo," said my companion after a moment.

His quick ears, far better trained than those of any person I have ever known, had caught the tones of my enemy's voice.

He listened again, at intervals making a mark

in the snow with the end of his bow. After a few moments he counted the marks.

"Nine men with him," he said, a smile overspreading his face.

"How do you know?" I asked. "I can see no one."

"Hear them," he whispered in reply. "Too many to fight," he added, after listening another moment. "We hide."

Cautiously we moved forward to a couple of cedars, and slipping off our snowshoes, which we thrust into the branches, we crept within the shelter of the thick foliage.

"They'll trail us," I whispered when we had forced our way close to the trunks of the trees, which grew near together.

"Then we fight!" said the Hawk with another smile.

Soon we heard the voices more distinctly, and after a little we saw Scarred Cheek and nine followers plodding along the further side of a small ravine that lay between us. They had evidently been upon a trapping expedition, for they were carrying several beavers and mink and other smaller animals. They were not over a hundred feet from us, but fortunately they did not cross

the ravine, and kept steadily forward until they were lost to sight and hearing.

The spring came at last — the time when the south wind moved gently through the valley, releasing the streams from their icy fetters, driving the snow from the hillsides, covering the trees with verdure, and peopling the forests with birds of all kinds. With the first approach of spring, we held the Maple Dance, at which time the whole village made a pilgrimage to a grove of maple trees about a half mile from our house, and there conducted a ceremony to welcome the coming of the sweet waters. It was childlike in its simplicity. The sagwahs made an address to the trees, telling them that the Indians had thought of them during the winter, and had been impatient for the time to arrive when we could once more see the life return to our friends, the trees, who had been sleeping in the time of ice and snow. Now the Indians would ask the trees to give them some part of their sweet waters that we might be refreshed and rejoice. The men then marched in circles around the trees, stamping the ground in measured tread and singing a monotonous chant that described the virtues of the maples. After this, the women

danced in similar manner, and following them, the children who were old enough to imitate the dance and chant. Then the families of each long house selected a few trees in which notches were cut. Below these, rude wooden spiles were driven, and the maple sap was caught in wooden troughs. The sugar-making was not extensive, as none of it was stored, and it was merely used as a toothsome treat for the time being. The Indians had in their menu neither cakes, pies, jams, preserves, candies nor confections.

It was at the time of ripe strawberries, the long mild days in mid-June. One morning, Silent Foot and I took our canoe and paddled about two miles up the river. Then we turned into a large creek entering from the west bank, and up this proceeded for nearly a mile. I came in time to believe that my companion had received directions as to where we should go, and what we should do; but if so, he never betrayed it to me. We landed on a bit of open shore, and then commenced one of our practice games. I lay upon my stomach upon the ground, burying my face in my arms, and Silent Foot disappeared. By practice, I had come to time myself to such a nicety that I gave the

Hawk about fifteen minutes' start. Then I proceeded to trail him — if I could do so. He had instructed me through many a hard lesson how to conceal a trail, as well as to follow one. I had become skilled in the craft, and the Indian must use every artifice in order to baffle me. This day I had followed him for hours, but had not come upon him. Back and forth I had crept, often upon my hands and knees, examining every pebble, twig, bit of springing green or forest flower. Sometimes I could follow him for several rods by walking rapidly forward, and then his tracks would disappear and I must again bend to the ground for closer examination. I knew that he was not far ahead of me, and had no doubt that he waited long periods for me, when I was nearly baffled in attempting to solve the problem, for the trail at all times was fresh.

I was becoming wearied with my long quest, for I had followed Hiokoto over ridges of rock, through swampy valleys, up and down hillsides, across streams, over wide stretches of level forest floor, throughout the greater part of the day, and it was beginning to try my patience, as well as my physical endurance. I was pushing my way through a witch-hazel thicket that grew in

the space between two rather high ledges of limestone, intent upon my work and determined to make an early capture of my friend, when suddenly a strong hand was clapped over my mouth and a heavy body bore me forward upon my face. For the moment, I supposed it was Hiokoto, who was illustrating how easily I might fall into the hands of a real enemy when haste and impatience had taken the place of caution and prudence. But in that instant, as I began to feel chagrin over my easy defeat and foolish blunder into ambush, a piece of buckskin was quickly wound about my head, covering my eyes completely. Also, my hands were bound behind my back, and I was lifted upon my feet. I knew that more than one individual had a hand in my capture, though no words had been spoken, for it was certain that one held me firmly, while another bound my head and hands.

I was too good an Indian to cry out, or to bandy words. I felt myself led forward cautiously, and I knew better than resist. I went forward with my captors, believing that the Hawk would come to my rescue, for I now had little doubt that I was in the clutches of the Beaver.

## CHAPTER X

### MY NEW NAME

I WAS led forward through the forest for a considerable distance, sometimes up an incline, again scrambling down a hill or winding along a tortuous stream. It may be that we travelled for miles in this manner, but no word was spoken. Though not roughly handled, I knew that those who held me captive were firm and unyielding. I could not decide whether they were friends or foes. Of course I was frightened — what boy of sixteen years would not be? — but I had learned enough of Indian ways not to betray the fear that was in my heart, and I marched on, my bandaged face uplifted as though in defiance of every danger or any torture. I would show the red men that a white boy could be as brave as any in whose veins ran Indian blood!

At last we came to a house, or lodge, and I was led within, and made to sit upon the earthen floor. A gourd was held to my lips, and I drank

greedily of the sweet strawberry water which the vessel contained. I began to feel that I was in the hands of friends. The next moment, however, I was again uncertain, for the buckskin jacket was stripped rudely from my shoulders, and I knew that a number of men surrounded me, making examination of the birthmark which I have heretofore described. Some of them touched the spot reverently, while others pinched my flesh as though they would pluck off the blazing arrowhead. The cries of animals and birds constantly filled the lodge. I could distinguish those of each clan, and others as well, but heard no spoken word. Once a firebrand or torch was brought and held quite near my shoulder, until I feared that I would be blistered from the heat. But I set my teeth with anger, and I think I would not have cried out had they placed the brand itself upon my naked back.

There was a shuffling of feet, and then silence. Soon, in the far distance I heard the hum of voices and I thought that I had been left alone. When I moved, however, as though about to rise, a hand upon my shoulder warned me that my guard held watchful eyes upon me. Then,

after a long interval, the shuffling feet returned, and I felt that my fate had been decided.

The bandage was taken from my eyes, and as soon as I could regain my vision, I looked about me.

I sat in the centre of a nearly square room. In front of me, built into the wall, was a rude fireplace in which a small fire was burning. A low table of stone was immediately in front of the fireplace, and upon this rested tobacco and pipes. At the left of the table sat a man, his face screened with a mask resembling a bear, and at the right of the table over the customary long-house fire, was a steaming kettle of our daily food. Not far from me at my right sat another man, his face covered with a mask like the head of a hawk, and his body bedecked with many strange tokens. Back of me a short distance was another table of stone, upon which were a number of small packets wrapped in deerskin. On either side and at the back of the room, on low benches, sat probably thirty men, each wearing a grotesque mask.

After a time, some young men arose near the steaming kettle and passed gourds or bowls of sweet strawberry water, of which all partook,

though not speaking. Another wait followed, and then the invoker, who sat near the altar fronting the fire, cast some tobacco upon the coals, and as the smoke ascended, he began to speak. Slowly, deliberately, he told the legend of—

### THE HUNTER[1]

"Kanistagia, the hunter, was loved by all the animals with gentle natures. He never pursued them in wantonness, and he took the life of none except in case of stern necessity. To the wild, fierce monsters that inhabited the forests and preyed upon the weak and timid ones, Kanistagia was a constant foe, and so swift was the flight of his arrow, so powerful the blow of his hunting club, so unerring his knowledge of their haunts in the mountains, that they feared him deeply and hid away with low and sullen mutterings when they heard his ringing shout upon the chase.

"These were the panther, the wolf, the wildcat, and other strange and vicious animals at war with the red men.

"But it was not so with the bear, the beaver,

[1] Legends of the Iroquois.

the raccoon, the elk, the red deer, the moose, the fox, the squirrel and the dog. They were the friends of Kanistagia, and when he walked abroad his path was made bright by their greetings, and he often sat a long time in their company and talked with them of curious things found in their haunts. He treated them as friends and neighbours, and when any were sick or wounded he gave them advice about the medicine they should use that they might recover.

"Once when the corn was tasselled, there came fierce and warlike men from the north, and Kanistagia and his brothers went forth to defend their homes. The Great Spirit gave their arms strength and the fierce men were driven away. But before they went Kanistagia was struck upon the head by the war club of one of the northern men, and when the hunter fell to the ground his victor cut the scalp-lock from his head and bore it away in triumph.

"The hunters and warriors did not see Kanistagia fall, and mourned him as one who had been taken prisoner by the fierce men they had fought. They knew he would meet death bravely and go on his way to the Happy Hunting Grounds with smiles on his lips, and that the

wrinkles of a coward would find no place on his face. But his fall did not escape the keen eyes of the fox, who ran to him when the fighting men had disappeared.

"'Alas! my benefactor and brother!' lamented the fox, 'the heavy sleep has closed thine eyes forever. Thy kindly life has been rudely torn from thy body before the death-song could warn thy brethren of thy coming. Woe and sorrow will be many days with thy brothers in the forest if, perchance, none of them know the medicine that shall bring thee from thy sleep.'

"Then the fox ran to the top of a high hill and began to sing his death lament, that all might know that trouble had come upon him. Through the forest echoed the mournful sounds, and they were caught up and repeated by the listening beasts on hill and in valley until all had heard the tidings and gathered at the place where the body of Kanistagia, their brother, lay. When they had mourned over his fate, the bear called the council to silence.

"Said the bear: 'My brothers, we mourn for a protector with whom we have spent many pleasant seasons. By his wisdom and counsel we have been taught many things that were good

for us to know. It is our duty now, if any know a powerful charm that will awaken him, to produce it that we may once more be gladdened by our brother's smiles.'

"Then each one ran to and fro in the forest, bringing many curious substances to the side of the hunter, but none was of avail. The bear and the fox, with plaintive whines, stretched themselves by his side and gently licked the wounds of their brother, but their efforts brought forth no sign of life. At last they were forced to believe that Kanistagia must surely be lifeless, and a great cry of mourning arose from the hundreds of animals present. This attracted the attention of the long-nest (oriole) and he flew to ask its meaning. He was informed by the deer, upon whose horns he alighted, and after asking permission from the bear to invite the birds to the mournful gathering, flew rapidly away on his errand. Soon all the birds in the forest had been told and the sky was darkened by their flight to the scene of Kanistagia's death — so wide was the fame of the hunter that all knew him. Among them was the great eagle of the Iroquois, which seldom approached nearer the earth than the tops of the highest mountains.

Slowly he floated over the assembled birds and animals, and finally, stilling his mighty wings, he settled to the earth and stood beside the hunter. Then he spoke:

"'Kanistagia will wake from his heavy sleep if the sharp eyes of his friends will discover his scalp-lock and their swift feet or tireless wings will bear it to this place before the moon is round.'

"Forth upon their search ran the animals, the bear and the elk alone remaining beside their brother to guard his body from foes. Long and earnestly they sought the trail of the warrior who had slain their friend, but so carefully had he concealed his path that none could follow it. The beaver sought traces of his footsteps in the beds of the streams; the dog and the fox thrust their noses under the leaves and deeply drew in their breaths, hoping to find the scent of the murderer's footsteps; the raccoon climbed to the tops of the highest trees and looked in every direction; the red deer ran in great circles, hoping to come suddenly upon the fugitive; the squirrels, and even gentle rabbits, scampered in all directions, looking in vain for traces of the slayer of Kanistagia. But at last all returned,

and with heavy hearts told the council that they knew not where to look.

"The great eagle of the Iroquois bade the pigeon-hawk make the first flight for the birds, as he was swift of wing. Scarcely had he gone when he returned again, but brought no tidings. The birds murmured that his flight had been so swift that he had not looked carefully, and the eagle sent forth the white heron. But the heron was so slow of wing that the patience of all was exhausted, and soon some small birds came to the council with the news that he had discovered a plain on which wild beans grew in abundance and was now so overladen with feeding on them that he could not rise and fly. Then the crow came forward and said that if he were sent he would pledge himself to discover the hiding place of the murderer. So the crow was sent and at once flew to a village where he had many times been to watch for food. He sailed slowly over the wigwams at a great height and finally his keen eyes spied the coveted treasure. Watching his chance, the crow dashed down and caught the scalp-lock from the pole upon which it hung, and rapidly winged his way back to the council.

"But when they attempted to place the scalp-lock upon their brother's head, they found that the piece had been dried and would not fit, and they searched long and faithfully for something that would make it pliable. But their search was in vain, and in despair they turned again to the great eagle, who heard their plight and bade them listen to his words:

"'The wings of the eagle have never been furled. For many thousand moons the dews of heaven have fallen on my back as I rose to great heights above the storm and watched my mate on her nest above the clouds. These waters may have a virtue no earthly fountain can possess.'

"Then the eagle plucked a feather from his breast and dipped it in the glistening cup of dew that had fallen on his back, and when this was applied to the scalp-lock, it at once became as when first removed.

"Again the animals ran into the forest, and from every hidden place, from every deep ravine, from tops of hills and mountains, from knoll and from morass, brought leaves and blossoms and roots from the rarest plants and trees. The birds sought the cliffs and precipices where foot could not rest, and added to the collection

many curious and rare specimens. With these they made a healing medicine, and when they had placed it upon the hunter's head, his eyes were opened and he lived.

"Then, indeed, there was rejoicing. The birds beat their wings and sang loud choruses, while the animals ran about in wild delight because their brother had been awakened from his heavy slumber. As the eagle of the Iroquois soared again to his home on the mountain-top, the round moon, whose coming all had so dreaded, rose over the waving branches of the forest and lent its cheerful light to the happy gathering."

Upon the conclusion of this story there was another long period of silence, as though to give time for the truth to sink in, and then the young men passed bowls of the steaming porridge. I had eaten nothing since early morning, and it was probably now nearing midnight. Certain it is that the porridge gave me heart.

Now the invoker threw more tobacco upon the fire, and the man at my right, known as the song-holder, started the first song. He chanted a sentence and then all repeated it after him. At intervals a pause was made in the singing, and

each man took a rattle from the floor beside him, and shook it in slow and measured rhythm. I will here give one stanza or section of this song, which was of great length, lasting nearly an hour:

We wait in the darkness!
Come, all ye who listen,
Help in our night journey;
Now no sun is shining;
Come, show us the pathway;
The night is not friendly;
She closes her eyelids;
The moon has forgot us;
We wait in the darkness!

At the conclusion of the chant, the cries of the animals and bird totems filled the room, and then another of the long silences. A short rest interval followed, and then more tobacco was thrown upon the fire and a new song was taken up. Four times during the night did the song change, and yet to me it was not long or tedious. Wide-eyed, impressed by the strange ceremony, soothed by the really beautiful chants, wondering all the time as to what would be the end, I sat as stolid as a savage through my initiation into Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah, the great Freemasonry of the

North American Indians — probably the first person of white blood ever permitted to participate in the mysteries, and certainly, so far as I know, the only one.

In time there came an address to me from the song-holder. He told me that the legend that had been told illustrated how the great medicine of Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah was to be made, and that the songs that I had heard had been sung four times each year for many generations. Then I made certain pledges and promises that I would not reveal the mysteries to be unfolded before me, and when these were given, I was permitted to stand with the others around the altar near the fire and see the medicine (Ne-gar-na-gar-ah) compounded. I am revealing no secret when I say that it is made of many roots and herbs, mixed with the dried and powdered brains of numerous birds and animals. Each member of the society is awarded a small portion which is wrapped in a piece of carefully tanned panther skin, and again in deerskin. It is administered only by the members of the society on the surface of a cup of cold water, upon which three small portions of the powder are dropped in the form of a triangle.

The full secret of the manufacture of the medicine may be possessed by one person only, who is permitted to impart it upon approaching death, and to him is revealed the time when he is to die, that he may leave the secret for his brothers.

When the first ray of the rising sun lighted up the east, the ceremony was concluded, and we sat down to eat. Close over my heart hung suspended by a thong a little bag of the great medicine of the Iroquois. The compound had been divided by the invoker and the bags were placed on the altar at the rear of the lodge. Then we formed in line, and as each one took up his portion, his name was spoken.

I approached the altar feverishly, wondering whether the spokesman would call out Gwa-gon-sha (Hot Mouth), which had been applied to me on the first morning I partook of porridge in a long house. I hated the appellation and feared to hear it.

"Dun-dis-wa!" said the spokesman, handing me the pouch.

"Dun-dis-wa, the brother of Hiokoto the Hawk."

And then, next behind me, I heard Hiokoto's

name called. It was the first I had known that he was present.

So this was my new name — Dun-dis-wa (the White Seneca); and I had been awarded to Hio-koto! Onontigo, the Beaver, had no claim upon me henceforth! Also, I had been fully adopted into the great Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah. All the past was wiped out. My white ancestry was an incident. I was as completely a savage as was my brother who walked there by my side as we went slowly homeward that beautiful June morning.

Ah, was I? We shall see.

# CHAPTER XI

## I HEAR OF WAR

At times during that summer of 1775 I heard rumours of approaching trouble between the white settlers. Upon several occasions, Brant, sometimes accompanied by red-coated officers and at other times the companion of sagwahs and chiefs of other tribes in the Iroquois Confederacy, appeared at our village and held long conferences with the men. I do not recall that any general council was held, though one might have been, for I was absent with Silent Foot and a number of young men on a long expedition in canoes and overland, during which time we visited a number of tribes to the west. Always, we were treated with great deference, for we were Senecas, from the terrible Iroquois, and an affront given one of us, would have been avenged, swiftly and surely, a thousand fold.

I knew that in the consultations between Brant, the English officers and our warriors, there

was constant talk about war. Someone, who was known as the Great Father across the sea, was displeased with the manner in which his children were disobeying him, and he was intending to send shiploads of soldiers to subdue and punish them.

Brant said that the Iroquois should drive out the white settlers and traders, having nothing to do with any who were not recognised by the English king. He told the Indians that there was no doubt whatever that the colonists would be beaten, and he declared that the Indians would not be molested by the English if they should make frequent raids upon white settlements and take prisoners or help themselves to anything that might please their fancy. On one occasion, a party of braves went away with Brant, remaining a number of weeks. When they returned they had several new guns, a quantity of ammunition, a large number of articles of clothing, such as that worn by the white settlers, and a few scalp-locks that were quite fresh.

These things stirred me somewhat, and the picture arose in my mind of my own peaceful home, with my father, mother and sister, wondering perhaps, what had become of me — for I then

did not know of my father's death. I said something to Hiokoto about it one day, and he looked curiously at me for a few minutes without speaking.

"If the Senecas attack the white settlers," I asked him, "will you help me to give warning to my parents and sister?"

"They are not there," he told me at last. "Long ago, messengers brought word that they had gone away."

"My brother," I said to him after steadily looking him in the eyes a few minutes, "do you know what became of the little girl, my sister?"

"No, brother," he replied, and I knew he was telling the truth, for Silent Foot had never deceived me. "The white flower could not be found. The Indians do not know what has become of your people. There is no one in the cabin."

Constantly I grew in knowledge of Indian life and customs, and by degrees became more and more like the people among whom I was held captive. And I knew that I was a captive, for, while I was as fully my own master as was any of the Indian boys of my age, I knew that the watch upon me never relaxed throughout the

summer and fall. When the winter came, and with it the deep snows, less care was taken to keep me ever in sight.

Early the next spring there came renewed talk about war among the whites. Children of the forest, as all Indians were, we did not know what it meant, and must only listen to tales that were brought by the chiefs who were in attendance upon council fires among the other tribes, or by those whites and Indians who came to council at Seneca Castle. We could not realise what it meant for struggling and scattered colonists to rise in revolution to throw off the yoke of oppression put upon them by the mother country, and could only grasp the tale that the colonists had been disobedient and would not do what their White Father commanded of them. It was not strange, therefore, that when leaders like Brant, Cornplanter, Red Jacket, Black Snake and others, came to us in company of brilliant officers and their large retinue of servants and soldiers, bringing presents of rum, ammunition, hatchets, guns, and trinkets that caught the childish fancy of those with whom they dealt — it was not strange, I say, that the Senecas decided to stand with the Mohawks, the Cayugas

and the Onondagas, giving to the English the aid of four of the six tribes of the Confederacy of the Iroquois, leaving the Oneidas alone favourable to the colonists. The Tuscaroras did not count with us, for they were but women in our regard.

And still, I do not wish to have my young readers think that this step was taken hastily. The Confederacy hesitated, and in reality preserved a strict neutrality until the summer of 1777, when the poison constantly sown by the English and the warrior chiefs who were under the influence of Brant and Sir Guy Johnson, took effect and turned us into a savagery that before had been unknown. The colonists could not combat that influence. The missioner to the Oneidas,[1] came to us and laboured faithfully to hold us in neutrality, and others came upon the same errand. But they were poor, brought us no presents, distributed among us no rum, and could promise us no powerful aid. So, one by one, the sagwahs were reluctantly committed to war, not by their own wisdom, but by the pressure of the people behind them, who caught the martial spirit from contact with the English of-

[1] Samuel Kirkland.

ficers and soldiers, and who wanted to go forth to plunder and slay. Now, after these many years, as I study it all over, and recall the conditions that surrounded us, I do not wonder that the Iroquois were led to take sides with England. My only wonder is that they so long remained neutral.

In the autumn of 1776 we went away with a large party of hunters to the nesting places of the wild pigeons, some hundred miles to the southwest. It was about the headwaters of a river,[2] and there were many camps in which members of the Iroquois tribes were located. Great numbers of the pigeons were snared, and the women and aged men were busy from morning until night smoking and curing them over fires. We had been thus engaged for two weeks or more, when one day I found that my zeal in searching out new nesting places had led me far from my companions, and into a valley we had not previously explored. The sun was yet high, and I determined to push on some distance further, well knowing that there would be plenty of time to return before dark. I soon came upon a trail that indicated the passage of a considerable

[2] The Alleghany.

number; but I thought nothing of this, as parties of hunters were scouring the country in all directions. So I went forward heedlessly, thus showing that my white blood had not yet been entirely subdued. Had I been an Indian, I would have concealed my movements, approaching those in advance with every caution until it was certain that they were friends.

Suddenly I halted, for appearing before me in an almost miraculous manner, so unexpectedly that for the moment I was unnerved, stood Onontigo, the Beaver.

He grinned as he saw me start in astonishment and instinctively snatch one of the arrows from my belt. And then he came and stood in front of me, towering more than a head above me.

"Ugh!" he grunted, "Onontigo's slave. Got him at last."

"I am not your slave," I said with some heat. "I am a Seneca, and no one's slave, for Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah gave me liberty."

He winced a bit at the name of our great fraternity, but he had the upper hand and intended to hold his advantage.

"Come, we go now," he said, at the same time reaching out to grasp my wrist. I leaped back,

intending to dodge quickly into the bushes and at least give him a chase before I fell captive; but as I did so, I saw at least a dozen young Indians surrounding me and hemming me in on every side. Their rear scouts had discovered me, and by concealing themselves in the thicket and waiting a few moments, had allowed me to walk carelessly into their ambush as foolishly as though I had never been outside my father's clearing.

I did not at that moment feel so great concern over my capture as I experienced shame and chagrin over my easy defeat. What would Hi-ò-koto say should this ever come to his ears? Of what avail were his months of patient teaching and the lessons of caution he had given me?

Of course, there was nothing to be gained by resistance. I saw that at a glance, and so I drew myself to full height, folded my arms and looked upon Scarred Cheek with the contempt that he deserved.

"Gwa-gon-sha," (Hot Mouth) he said in derision, "is a brave Indian. He goes alone upon the trail of the young Cayugas, thinking to steal upon them and spy on their doings. He had not been told that the Cayugas have eyes and

ears. They will teach him the lesson that the squaw boy he calls his brother has forgotten."

He struck me sharply in the face with his open hand to show his ownership, for it appears that he still held that I was his slave.

Were I to suffer death the next moment, I could never, without protest, submit to a blow. I bounded upon him with all the strength and fury I possessed, and so quick was my attack that I threw him backward over the roots of a tree. My white blood here prevailed again, and without pausing I rained blow after blow upon his face, punching him with both right and left in true English fashion. But in a moment I was seized by a dozen hands and hauled off my enemy, biting, scratching, and striking till the last.

I remember that Scarred Cheek leaped toward me like a panther. I saw his face, bloody and livid as he jumped. Then a crushing blow came upon my head, and I saw or heard nothing else.

# CHAPTER XII

## THE HARDER LIFE

It must be remembered that among the Iroquois there were no courts of justice. Every man was a law unto himself. Each one took into his own hands the punishment of an offense committed against him. It was a matter of individual settlement. Where almost everything was common property, and one man was as rich or as poor, as well fed or as hungry, as another, there were no thieves. Trespass was unknown, for the forests were wide and the fields of corn and vegetables were as great as we could till. If, perchance, dispute arose, as has been shown in my own case, the difference was settled by a trial of skill or endurance, or, in rare instances, hand-to-hand encounter. If in one of these encounters one was killed, that ended the matter. The incident was never again referred to and was apparently forgotten within a month. The council was never invoked to pass upon a matter of individual dispute, though it often sat to see

that the combats were fairly conducted, and to "keep the score."

Thus it follows that while I had been awarded to Hiokoto upon the points he had shown against his opponent, there was no tribal law that could be invoked to compel Onontigo to surrender me to my brother, once I should be captured by Onontigo. If Hiokoto could recapture me; or, if I could accomplish my own release, well and good. Otherwise, I was the bondman of the Beaver, and no one would raise a finger in protest should he kill me.

And that is what he came very near doing when he struck me down with a blow from his hatchet. No doubt I would have died had not the Beaver's pride interfered to save me. The instant he struck me senseless, he regretted that he had done so, for he wanted me to live that he might taunt and vex the Hawk with the knowledge that his companion and brother was held in bondage by an enemy. Also, I think he desired more lasting revenge upon me personally than could be found in a quick killing.

So it fell out that I was placed upon a litter made by lacing together their long ash javelins, and was borne hastily from the place of my

defeat. Several days must have elapsed before I came fully to my senses, and found myself lying on one of the couches of furs in a small house that might accommodate two or three families. An old woman finally came and looked at me, and then she brought me a gourd of water. I remembered the sacred medicine of Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah, and motioned feebly to my breast. She understood me and helped me to remove the pouch and open it. Three portions of the powder were taken upon the point of a tiny flat bone, always carried in the pouch, and gently dropped upon the surface of the water.

"Ugh, good," grunted the old woman as the powder spread upon the surface of the water. "White Indian will live."

Had the powder settled to the bottom, she would have expected me to die.

She put the gourd to my lips and I drank the water quickly, and then, overcome by the effort, sank back to sleep.

I recovered rapidly after this, and in a few days commenced walking outdoors — the old woman always accompanying me, and as soon as I had passed out the door, several Indian boys not far from my own age followed us.

I found that I was in a Cayuga village on the west shore of the lake of that name. Chagrined by his defeat, the Beaver had left Seneca Castle and for a time remained in a neighbouring Seneca village. Then, as was his right, he had gone among the Cayugas, where he soon became a leader. Of winning presence when he chose to exert himself in that direction, a powerful athlete, skilled in the chase, brave in every danger, cunning and commanding, he built up a following among the Cayugas that he could never have commanded among the people of his own tribe.

There were scores of young men among the Senecas who were the peers of Onontigo, and had he remained there he must needs cope with them in everything. The Cayugas were an inferior tribe, possessing neither the skill in woodcraft, intelligence in government, nor the bravery and dash in leadership of the Senecas. It was not to be wondered at that Onontigo, almost at the start, became the idol of the young Cayugas and was held in something akin to awe by the elders of the tribe because of his superior wisdom.

Always I had to wait upon Onontigo when he

was in the village. It appeared that he wanted me ever near him, that he might show his authority over me and give free vent to his cruelty. I must carry and fetch his weapons, hand him a bowl of succotash or a gourd of water, and stand at his side while he supped it. He would amuse himself by the hour by throwing some object as far away as he could that I might return it like a dog. He would shoot an arrow far out upon the lake and compel me to swim after it. Often as I neared the shore he would push me back into the water, not permitting me to touch the land until, exhausted, I came near drowning. Sometimes he bound me with strips of rawhide and set me up against a broad piece of bark. Then he would throw his hunting knife or hatchet at me, or would shoot arrows at me with a rapidity and recklessness that made me quite sure that he did not care greatly whether they hit me or not. There are scars upon my arms, sides and legs where I was wounded in this manner, and the part of my left ear that is missing was cut away by the Beaver's hatchet. It amused him beyond measure if I betrayed fear or pain, and then he would tell those who were looking on, that I had been ill-taught by

Silent Foot, and that I was only a cowardly white boy anyway.

Months of this manner of treatment served to develop me. Hitherto, I had been treated only with kindness, and it had not brought out the iron in my nature. The adversity into which I had fallen may have made me more the savage than I had been before, for it awakened in me a hate for my tyrannical master and aroused all the cunning in my nature. I found myself thinking along different lines, and instead of planning new games and working out problems in trail following, trapping or snaring, I was ever plotting how I might escape, until finally, I set about it methodically.

At first I had high hopes that the Hawk would in some manner encompass my release. I did not then know how patient the Indian is when waiting for his revenge, and I expected almost any day or night to see my friend, at the head of a band of his young followers, dash into the Cayuga village and carry me away in triumph. But after a time I realised that this would be impossible, as it was contrary to the treaty between the tribes for members of one nation to make any expedition against those of

another. The thing must be settled between Onontigo and Hiokoto themselves, or between the captor and his prisoner.

It was much easier to decide to escape than to take a step in that direction. In the first place, I was permitted to have weapons only such as were loaned me in Onontigo's absence, when I sometimes took part in the contests. Secondly, I might not go beyond certain distances in either direction. Finally, the whole village was afraid of the Beaver, and he had threatened all sorts of punishment if I escaped. As a consequence, everybody, from the smallest children to the old fire keeper, watched me as closely as Indians can watch.

One day when my tormentor had been making me swim after his arrow and was watching me from a perpendicular bank of rock some distance below the village, I dived to escape a stone which he dropped in the effort to hit my head. As I came slowly up some distance from the spot where I had disappeared, I made a strange discovery, for the rock shelved back at a sharp angle, and under it there was what appeared to be a cave. I could not examine the place then, for Onontigo was watching, but I

marked the location well in my mind. When opportunity offered, I went there alone and continued my examination. I could by this time swim like a fish, and it was not at all difficult to dive under the edge of the rock and come up back of the sharp edge. I found that behind the rock there was a considerable space, and that further back, reaching under a bluff that rose quite precipitously, the floor of the cavern was strewn with stones, affording places to stand above the water. At once I took heart. I would play the Indian game to its limit, and I would outwit Onontigo or die in making the effort.

## CHAPTER XIII

### PREPARATIONS FOR ESCAPE

Now, with all the cunning that could have been practised by any Indian on earth, I set about disarming the Beaver. By slow degrees I ceased to resist him, or to scowl at him, or to cast a look of anger, resentment or in any manner show the hate I had for him. I took his blows as a matter of course. I would smile when he struck me, or more frequently receive his blows as stoically and unfeelingly as though I were a block of wood. If he drove me into the lake, even when the winter came on and ice was forming upon the water, I appeared to enjoy doing his bidding. I watched him with the fidelity of a dog and obeyed him with a meekness that indicated that my spirit was broken, and that I had given up hope. If he amused himself and the village by tying me up to throw knives and shoot arrows at me, I stood as patiently as though I was interested only as a spec-

tator. I no longer looked wistfully toward the distant hills, and took little heed of hunters going or returning. To all intents, I had become the hopeless, spiritless slave of Onontigo. How his blows blistered and smarted my soul; how his indignities made my heart leap with fearful anger; how his taunts and jibes burned my ears and brain, I cannot tell you. What I did in the end may give you some idea of all this.

Before winter entirely set in and the lake was covered with ice, I discovered that I was not being so closely watched as previously. I was broken, they thought, and they gave me more freedom. This enabled me to steal a hatchet and one arrow, which, after several days, I carried to the cave that I had discovered under the surface of the water in the face of the perpendicular rock. I had no opportunity to explore the cavern at this time, but placed my priceless possessions upon a ridge of rock high above the water, and was happy in the thought that they would there await my coming, be the time long or short. All through the winter these two articles were in my vision, and I held the knowledge that a start had been made toward an

escape, which cheered me and kept me from complete despair.

By working nights with great caution after all the others had gone to sleep, and by removing only a few handfuls of earth at a time, I succeeded in scooping out a small cache under the couch of skins where I slept. That was the slowest, most painful work I ever did, but it gave me a place in which I concealed from time to time a quart of parched corn and portions of two dried fish. Also, I one night filched from one of the men who sat smoking at the fire a stout English knife. It dropped from his belt unnoticed, and I quickly concealed it under the fur that covered the upper part of my body. A moment later I made an errand to the kettles of succotash, and in procuring a bowlful for our guest, slipped the knife into the steaming pot. When all were asleep, I crept out and secured it, hiding it in my cache. There was a hue and cry for the knife, but the man concluded that it had fallen into the soft snow on his way thither, and he looked long and fruitlessly for it in the morning.

After the maple dance — that is to say about the twentieth of May — there was a council in

our village that was attended by some of the younger hunters from other villages. It was not a general council, but appeared to be an assemblage of certain picked ones who had been selected to join a band under the leadership of Onontigo. I was not permitted to be present, nor did I learn the purpose until a few days later when the Beaver and his companions departed. While it was true that there was some rejoicing among the younger people, it was certain that the old men gravely shook their heads.

With the departure of the Beaver, I thought that the time for me to escape had come, and with a feverishness that I must at all times conceal, I set about my final preparations. Several times I went out into the woods or sought a sunny bank and lay down pretending to sleep. After a time some of the young boys would trail me, and on discovering that I was apparently asleep, they would give me no further attention. In an hour or two, I would return to the village. In this way I disarmed suspicion, and one day, concealing my trail as soon as I was out of sight, I went to the lake far below the village and swam cautiously to my cave. It was a fairly roomy cavern, reaching back per-

haps fifty or sixty feet. The rear part was of rock, sloping up from the water till it met the roof. It was a mere fissure, to be sure, but it was wide enough and deep enough to hold a dozen men securely hidden. I wondered that it had not been discovered by the Indians, and then bethought me that there was nothing in the character of the shore to hint of its existence, and that it had not been found simply because no one had looked under water for its entrance.

In less than a week I had carried to the place everything in the shape of a weapon, or in grain or dried meats upon which I could lay my hands, and as I had found the hatchet and arrow without difficulty, I soon had a goodly store. Something that would sustain life gave me more interest than weapons, for I had decided to conceal myself in the cave and there remain for days, or, perhaps, weeks, until they should give up ranging the forests for me. Then I would swim out some night, continuing in the water until miles from the village, when I would land and make my way, if possible, to a settlement.

In my eagerness, I must have aroused some suspicion, for all at once I found that the close watch upon me had been resumed. I did not

betray knowledge of this or change my habits, except that I stole no more, and of course did not pay visits to my proposed hiding place. After several days the vigilance relaxed, and I thought now that surely the time had come to act. That very night, if opportunity offered, I would conceal myself; or if not that night, surely the next day.

I was gathering firewood about a quarter of a mile from the village, several women and boys being with me — mostly as guards, for I was the pack horse for the whole village. Suddenly we heard a shout — a long cry that trembled on the air as the sound rolled along the lake and the echoes came back from the hills, for the man who uttered the shout was rapidly beating his lips with his fingers as he shouted. Three times it was repeated, the last time running up at the end to a high tone that was not unlike the scream of a panther.

Instantly, all was confusion. More than half our party scampered away to the village, and those who were left, hastily piled the broken branches in my arms and lashed me with switches in the effort to make me stumble forward more rapidly with my great load of wood.

Pandemonium itself had broken loose in the village. Men, women and children were running back and forth like a flock of frightened hens, with no apparent purpose. But soon I saw a design. Food and fuel were being conveyed to the council place in quantities.

"What is it?" I asked of one of the old men.

His wrinkled face took on a look of savagery that I shall not soon forget, and he grinned viciously as he answered: "Warriors come home. Bring scalps and prisoners. White man's scalps and white prisoners."

And then, old as he was, he straightened up and commenced the chant that the Iroquois sang as they danced around the prisoner they were torturing.

## CHAPTER XIV

### CONSTANCE LEONARD

THE returning warriors had given the signal, and it was understood. Then they waited until the preparations for their reception were complete. From the seven or eight houses was brought every scrap of food which they contained, and it was all placed at one side of the council fire. No one supposed that it would all be eaten in the feast that was to follow, but no one cared if it were. That was the Indian of it. When it was gone, if more could not be procured without too much trouble, they would starve. I was hurried back and forth to the woods by several old women, bringing armfuls of wood that were almost impossible for me to lift, much less carry. For two or three hours they worked me thus until I could scarcely stand. I observed on one of the trips, that three thick posts were being planted near the council fire, and I wondered at their purpose. Ah, how soon I discovered it!

Evening was not over an hour distant when the preparations were completed, and then arose on the air the slow beating of the drum. I was lying exhausted on the grass, and saw how the people formed in single file and marched away toward the edge of the woods, chanting the shrill monotone welcome to the successful warriors. I looked about me and could see no one remaining behind from the procession, and I felt that the time for my escape had come. I knew that I could take in one of the baskets enough of the food to last me a month, and safely reach my cave before they would return. There was no one to see me, no one to hinder me. And yet, I could not do it. Something bade me remain where I was, and though by doing so my soul was stirred as never before, it brought me in the end the greatest happiness of my life. So I waited, wondering why I did not go. Then, after a time I knew why I had remained.

Soon the slow chant ceased and a great yelling and shouting filled the air in its place; and presently the procession wound out of the edge of the woods and across the open space, while a portion of the people were singing a death chant, and others were taunting some pitiful,

crouching figures, bound with thongs and guarded by a dozen warriors.

There were four of these prisoners — an aged man and his two sons, sturdy pioneers who had pushed forward in the new country and were establishing a home near some of the settlements. Without warning, the band of warriors led by Scarred Cheek had come upon their clearing, and after a sharp encounter, during which the white men had barricaded themselves in their cabin, firing upon their foes from between the logs, they were finally overcome by superior numbers and taken captives. The aged mother and the wives of the sons were slain, while the men were brought to the village that they might be tortured in revenge for those who had been killed in the encounter — also to furnish a holiday for savage natures that had been wrought upon by the tales of coming strife between the whites, and who had been fired to the commission of cruel deeds by Brant and others who accompanied him on their hellish missions to the Iroquois villages.

The fourth prisoner was a girl, and when I saw her walking there, bound but not so securely as the men, all the affection I had held for my

sister Electa came rushing back upon me and filled my heart nearly to bursting. She was not far from my own age, tall, well-formed and supple as were all the girls of that time, who lived mostly in the open air and dressed after a fashion that gave freedom of movement to limbs and body. I saw the rays of the setting sun strike upon her head and light it up with a glory that to me was like a vision from that Heaven of which my mother had taught me, but which had almost been forgotten in the past three years. Her hair was like the glint of the sun itself, and it appeared to me that the light loved to kiss her tresses before it hid itself from that which was to follow. As they drew near, I saw that her eyes were dark, and filled with horror over that which had gone before, and that which she feared was to come. Yet straight forward walked Constance Leonard, looking neither to right nor to left, nor heeding those who shouted their fearful threats or chanted the death song in her ears. Courageous where the stoutest heart might quail, queenly though bound and helpless, reliant where every hope seemed lost, this girl of scarcely more than sixteen years was at that moment the most beautiful

object I had ever beheld. No longer was I fatigued. I arose from the ground, and leaning forward in my eagerness to catch and hold her every movement and feature, I awaited their coming. She saw me then, and although I was clad after the manner of the Indians, she knew that I was of her own race. She paused an instant, as though about to turn in my direction and run to me for protection, but at that moment an Indian woman struck her sharply with a switch, and commanded her to move forward.

Constance Leonard was the daughter of one of the men who toiled painfully along in that wild procession, bound securely and compelled to submit to the blows and buffetings of all who might wish to strike. Scarred Cheek had seen her when the cabin of the settlers was captured, and had singled her out from her mother, aunt and grandmother, commanding that she be unharmed. He had brought her to the village, where she was to be given into the hands of the old woman at the head of our house until after the torture. Then, at the pleasure of her captor, she must become his wife. This was disclosed when the prisoners were brought to the council place, and Scarred Cheek made his address. He

told the council that he had led the young men southward to the valley of the Susquehanna River; that he had cared for them and taught them many things that warriors must know, and that on several occasions they had made raids upon settlers who had come to take the lands of the Indians. He displayed a number of scalps that had been taken, and pointed with bravado to several guns, many knives and articles of clothing that had been stolen from the whites. Finally, they came to a settler's home where resistance was made, and two of their young men had been killed. At this he was interrupted while the clans and relatives of the dead chanted their song of wailing. When his harangue continued, Scarred Cheek said that he had brought three prisoners, whom he presented to the council with the suggestion that they be sent to follow the young men who had been slain, and wait upon them in the Happy Hunting Grounds. The fourth prisoner, he said, he had taken as his share of the spoil. He would keep her to make his moccasins and provide him with food, to mourn his absence when upon the chase or warpath, and to comfort him upon his return.

I heard his plans with horror and anger, and beat my hands upon my head when I considered how helpless and impotent I was to thwart his designs. Yet as he spoke, a voice sprang up in my heart that I must save the girl from the Beaver, even at the cost of my own life if necessary. Then I saw him approach the shrinking, beautiful creature, and take her hair in his hands, combing his fingers through it while the swarthy Indian women gathered around and looked on with admiration. The girl trembled with a great fear, and I, looking on, said to myself that I would have Onontigo's life for this, if I could not free Constance Leonard.

Well I knew that nothing I could do would aid her father, her aged grandfather or her uncle. The council would give them trial, but they were prejudged. They must die at the stake; as they did, before morning. Over this I must draw a veil, for I would not like to leave that picture with my readers. Indeed, I did not look upon it myself, for I had not the heart, and I went aside and with a great show of ceremony, pretended to employ myself in performing the secret rites of Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah. I knew that I would not be disturbed in this, for

it was an unpardonable breach of Indian etiquette to interrupt another when engaged in incantations or any exercise of a religious character. Nor was there disposition to interrupt me, or even watch me. All attention was fastened upon the three men and the tests that from time to time were applied to them to try their courage and endurance.

The council fire burned and crackled in the pleasant night air, and the sparks shot upward in long darts as fuel was added from time to time. Around it in strange, fantastic step, alternately danced men and women, each moment becoming wilder, more savage, more cruel and bestial. From the slow, measured step and wild chants at the opening, the torture dance grew to a frenzied whirl of arms and legs, and a confusion of rapid posturing of body. The air was laden with the shouts and screams of wild beings who had lost control of themselves, and were possessed of a frenzy that was little short of complete intoxication.

I had never previously seen the torture dance, but it had been described to me by Hiokoto, the Hawk. I knew that in time, when death had come to the men who prayed in vain for it,

and when the last horrid rite had been performed, exhaustion would fall upon those who now betrayed no slightest sign of fatigue. All the more surely was this to happen for the reason that the returning warriors had brought with them a quantity of rum which they had stolen from some store among the settlements they had raided. This they mingled with their food, and all partook of it greedily. I must await the coming of that time, and then, perchance, I might aid Constance Leonard to escape.

In making preparations for my incantations, I had chosen a spot near the house in which the white girl had been thrust, somewhat concealed from the council place and in the shadow of the house itself. I threw a buckskin over some small bushes, forming a partial shelter into which I carried several earthen vessels and a brand of fire. I did not desire a bright blaze, as that might betray my absence when the time came to act, but I started a low fire, which from time to time I subdued with damp leaves or earth. The old woman, after securing her prisoner in the long house, watched me curiously a few moments from a distance, and then trotted away, apparently believing that I was exercis-

ing some potent spell to shield me from the fate of those unfortunate men of my own race. But I feared that others might not be as easily deceived, and so, with constant low chantings of unintelligible words, and with much adoration of my medicine pouch, I kept the mummery up for hours.

## CHAPTER XV

### A DASH FOR LIBERTY

LISTENING intently for each change that came to the strident voices, which arose to a yell of satisfaction when the victim to whom they were applying torture betrayed evidences of their agony, I finally decided that the supreme moment had arrived, and that I might now with safety make the attempt to rescue the imprisoned girl and secure my own freedom. Skulking low to keep within the shadow, I crept cautiously to the house, and groping carefully through the darkness, I succeeded in coming upon Constance Leonard. She had been securely bound with rawhide thongs, and when this had been done, she was pushed rudely forward upon a couch. The poor girl had endeavoured to cover her head so that the fearful babble around the torture place might not come to her ears, and in this she had partially succeeded. I crept to her side so quietly that she

did not hear me, and when I lightly touched her, she started in affright.

"Don't speak or move," I whispered. "I am a white, and will help you to escape."

A sob, as of relief, was all the answer, and I felt that I could depend upon her. Then I cut the cords around her wrists, working with extreme care for fear I would wound her flesh, and when her arms were released, I cut the thongs about her ankles, and bending close to her ear, asked her to sit up and rub her limbs, so that she might walk.

"My father and grandfather?" she whispered. "Where are they, and my uncle?"

"I do not know," I told her, afraid to reveal the truth. "I can do nothing to help them now, and may fail to aid you. Quick, we must go at once."

I took her hand to guide her, and she stood up, but for the moment could not move. As we waited thus, my trained ears caught the sound of footsteps approaching, and my heart sank in despair. I knew that so far as I was concerned, escape was easy, for I could have passed out of the further door of the house and walked away in the darkness, but I feared that if I attempted

to take the girl with me, some incautious step would discover our retreat to the intruder, whoever he might be.

"Lie down," I whispered, "and don't move, no matter what happens."

She sank silently to the couch, and I flattened myself against the thin bark partition, as immovable as a statue.

The steps approached unsteadily and I knew that whoever the man was, he had drunken deeply of the rum. He was talking to himself as he advanced, boasting of his cunning and bravery, and as he drew near, I realised that I had Scarred Cheek to deal with. He stumbled in the darkness on the edge of the platform as he was about to step up from the floor, and fell upon his hands and knees. In the instant I knew what had happened, and plunged forward upon the prostrate man with all my strength. As I fell upon him, I struck with my fists, and by some good fortune, the blow landed behind one of his ears and stunned him. I rained blows upon him until he lay quite still and limp, and then I rolled him over toward the couch and threw some of the robes over his prostrate body, thinking thus to conceal him.

"Come," I whispered, groping in the darkness for the girl, "we must run for it now."

There was no response, nor could my outstretched hands come upon her in that narrow place.

"Here, I am,— quick, this way," I said half aloud; but there was no reply.

I realised that she had been frightened by the struggle and had fled in the darkness — but whither?

Rapidly I moved through each compartment, and in scarcely more than a minute made sure that the girl was not concealed in the house. I did not believe that she would have left through the door leading toward the council fire, but had made her escape in the opposite direction and must now be fleeing through the woods. My blood was up, and I knew now that it would be either death or freedom for me — though I counted freedom but a poor thing without having accomplished my object in rescuing Constance Leonard from Scarred Cheek, and so I would not give up yet. I would make one more effort.

POKAGON STATE PARK
POTTAWATOMI INN
ANGOLA, INDIANA

When an animal flees from some danger that suddenly appears before it, the path it takes is

straight away in the opposite direction. So, I argued, this girl would run, and with all possible speed, I followed that course. It would be a foolish thing to call her, for she could not know who was calling, and would run all the faster should she hear me. So I ran forward as silently and cautiously as I might, pausing frequently to listen for footsteps of the girl I was pursuing, or, possibly, of someone who might soon be following me. I continued to hear the yelling at the council fire for several minutes, and then an ominous silence fell upon the air. Well I knew what that meant. Scarred Cheek had either recovered consciousness and had made known my escape and that of his prisoner, or it had been disclosed by someone else entering the house and discovering his plight. There would be no more shouting until the hunt for the fugitives had resulted in their capture, for when the Indian is baffled or defeated he is as silent as death itself.

But in lieu of the shouting of the Cayugas, there came from almost directly overhead a blinding flash of lightning and the immediate roar and crash of thunder and a storm that had been gathering through the humid afternoon

and night, burst suddenly and with unusual fury. I hailed it joyfully, for the almost constant flashes of lightning illuminated the forest which I had now entered and gave me hope that through this means I might catch a glimpse of the girl whom I sought. And I well knew that there must not be long delay in getting her to a place of concealment if she was to be saved. Stumbling forward in the intense darkness between the lightning flashes, buffeted by the rain that fell in torrents, and nearly deafened by the roar of thunder, I was almost in despair, when there came a flash that seemingly set the forest all on fire, and with it a report like the rending of heaven and earth. Yet, above the crash and roar of thunder and the fall of a mighty tree that had been riven by the bolt, I heard a woman's scream, not far from the place where I had been thrown to the ground by the concussion. With a bound, I reached the spot, and there, grovelling on the forest mould, half insensible from fright, and stunned by her great peril, I came upon Constance Leonard.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE NEW SISTER

It has never been possible for me to clearly settle in my own mind what elapsed during the next hour. This I know, that Constance had been struck a blow upon the head and shoulders by a branch or one of the splinters from the tree that was destroyed by the thunderbolt, and that she was in a dazed and almost helpless condition. I think I carried her for some distance, and when I could do this no longer, led or dragged her forward through the storm. I recall that I rejoiced because of the severity of the rain, for it would obliterate any trail our soft moccasins would make upon the thick carpet of leaves or through the shrubbery of fresh flowers. What guided me I never knew, for I had no conscious thought of seeking the lake. Only I went forward, forward, thinking of the scowling face of Onontigo, the Beaver, his grinning companions, the

fate of this girl of my own race, and perhaps, the torture stake for myself. Nor do I know how long a time I thus laboured forward; and the first thing that I remember clearly is the knowledge that came to me that the storm was lessening in fury and there was a faint, grey tint of coming dawn. Almost at the same instant, I caught the sound of water rushing against a rocky shore, and then I knew that we were near the lake. Just ahead of us I saw a leaning birch tree that I recognised as standing not far from the entrance to my cave, and I at once set my good fortune down as due to the influence of the medicine of Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah, which I had venerated so faithfully during the evening before.

"Can you swim?" I demanded of the girl, pausing a moment, my breath coming hot and fast from my exertions, and my heart thumping in my ears.

In the deep gloom I saw her turn toward me and mutely shake her head.

"Listen, then," and I took her by the shoulders; "we must go into the lake to escape from the Indians. I will take you to a cave of which they do not know; but you must not get fright-

ened. Do not grasp me around the neck or struggle. Just put your hands on my shoulders and hold fast. There's no danger if you do this, and we will both escape. If you get frightened and choke me, we will drown."

"I understand," she said, looking apprehensively about. "Are they following us?"

"They will be scouring the woods, watching the lake and making every effort to find us as soon as daylight comes. Once in my cave and I think we will be safe. But if they discover it, they must never take us out alive," I told her.

"Will you kill me before you let them take me?" she asked, catching me eagerly by the arm.

"Yes, and myself too," was my answer.

Her hand grasped my arm the closer as she firmly said: "Thank you."

It was but a short distance to the abrupt bank of the lake, and I chose a spot for our plunge only a few yards from the entrance to the cave. The waves were running high as a result of the storm, but they had no terrors for me when I thought of what was behind us. Taking Constance firmly by the hand, we leaped clear of the bank and sank into the deep water. Coming

to the surface quickly, I shifted her hands to my shoulders and struck out. The girl behaved with wonderful presence of mind, and I found no difficulty whatever in swimming with her. Indeed, the thought entered my mind then that if no better way might be found, I could swim with her across the lake when the water should become calm, and that from that point we might attempt to reach the settlements.

I have not previously fully described the entrance to the cave toward which we were now making progress. About a foot below the surface of the water when it was calm, the perpendicular rock that formed the high bank came to an almost sharp edge and then slanted backward toward the bank at an acute angle. By simply ducking one's head under the edge of the rock and then pushing in toward the bank, you came at once into a room some ten or fifteen feet in width, the roof formed of the rock slanting sharply up into the hill. The water shallowed almost immediately, and one came upon fine round pebbles, forming the bed of one of the subterranean streams that fed the lake. Upon ledges of rock along the mouth of the stream, there was room for a dozen persons to sit or lie

comfortably, well above the water and in security. In daylight, the cave was beautifully illuminated from the reflection from the white pebbles and the light penetrating the thin covering of water closing the door. At night, it was intensely dark. The air was always pure and sweet, and must have been kept so from the action of the water upon some distant opening which I had not discovered.

The waves made so much noise lapping against the rocky shore that I could not explain the situation to the girl who clung to my shoulders, and there was no time for ceremony. Turning suddenly and catching her around the waist, pinioning her arms tightly to her side in so doing, I sank suddenly under the rock edge with her and clambered up the bank into the gloomy cavern.

"I'm sorry," I said, as the girl struggled with me in terror, "but I had to do it. You are safe now, and can rest."

Then I explained to her the situation as briefly as possible, and assured her that for the present, at least, she need have no fears. I thought her very pretty as she wrung the water from her hair and attempted to shake some part of it from her

dripping skirt. She must be something like my sister, Electa, if she were alive, I thought, only Electa was much darker and not so old into a year or two. As I contrasted them in my mind, thinking with new tenderness of my pretty sister, I again made a vow that in some manner, I knew not how at this time — I would save this girl from the Indians and take her back to the whites. I would do it for my mother's sake, for my sister's sake, and for the girl's own sake.

A little later I told her my story, in brief, and I gave her a knife, which she concealed in her belt; for I knew that she would rather die by her own hand, if necessary, than to enter upon the living death that would be hers were she recaptured.

"I shall think of you as my sister," I said at last, "and as I attempted to save her from captivity, so will I do what I can to help you. We must brave many dangers, but I think if you remember the little girl of whom I told you, it will help you to meet them with courage."

# CHAPTER XVII

## THE WATER TRAIL

It was easy to tell that the day following the storm was a beautiful one, for the sun upon the water made our hiding place light and cheerful, though it was chill and damp. As for myself, I was quite accustomed to such conditions, for the children of the forest have little protection from storms. Constance, however, suffered to some extent, and had it not been for a deerskin in which I had wrapped some of the food I had brought there to protect it from the water, she would have been in great discomfort.

The morning was but young when two canoes passed down the lake very close to the rocky bank in which we were concealed. Under the sharp edge of the rock, I caught the glint of their paddles as they slowly went past our retreat, and I could have reached out and caught hold of them. I knew that some of the Indians had been sent out to examine the bank in that direction, and probably another party had gone to

the south, while others would carefully trail the forests.

Constance had found a ledge well back in the cave that appeared drier than the others, and upon this she had huddled down under the deerskin and finally fell asleep. I remained at the edge of the water, sometimes sleeping, but too anxious with my plans to rest long. Three times during the afternoon canoes passed in one direction or the other, and I argued from this that the Cayugas were completely baffled. Once my heart almost stood still, for two canoes paused directly in front of the cave, and though I could hear nothing, I believed the Indians were engaged in some discussion. But soon the paddles dipped again, and the craft glided onward.

When the glimmer of the water commenced to deepen, I knew that the afternoon was waning and that the time was approaching when I must attempt the desperate effort that must be made. Though we were probably safe from discovery in the cave, we could not remain there longer without fire and warmth, for I feared that the damp and cold were too severe for my delicate companion.

I aroused Constance and gave her some of the dried fish and parched corn. She ate greedily, greatly to my delight, and I also made a hearty and satisfying meal. We spoke only in whispers, for I was not certain that our voices might not be carried to the outside through some opening in the rocks. As we ate, I unfolded my plan to Constance, and at first she was appalled at its desperate character. But I pointed out that our strait was one that gave us little choice. We could remain where we were and die of starvation; or, we could go out, make our way to the woods and leave a trail that would probably be picked up as soon as daylight came — for there was no heavy rain to obliterate it now — and be in the hands of Scarred Cheek and his band before midday; or, we could make the attempt to escape by the lake.

"You should go alone," she said, "and leave me here. You can get away by yourself, and, perhaps, find your parents and sister and be a help to them. I am alone, for my father and mother and all my relatives have been slain by these terrible people. It makes no difference about me, Henry, for there is no one to care."

"I have told you that you were my sister from

this day on," I said, not knowing well what to do or say to the girl or how to stop her tears. The Indian girls never wept in that manner, and it was a new experience for me, and I thought, perhaps, she was becoming ill. "Do you think that I would leave my sister here to perish? That would be more cruel than Onontigo himself. No, you are going with me, and if we go through, I can look my sister Electa in the face, if she be alive, and know that I have done as she would have me do."

"You could escape without me to care for."

"Yes, and be a coward unworthy my father's name, or of the friendship of Hiokoto, or of the great Ho-noh-tic-noh-gah."

It was growing dark rapidly, and bidding Constance bring me her leggings and moccasins, I made up a small bundle into which I put some of the fish and corn, our moccasins, the English knife and the hatchet. With the knife that Constance wore in her belt, I cut up the deerskin and wrapped the articles securely. Then, with strips of the buckskin, I fastened the bundle upon her shoulders and on top of it the bow and four arrows. This was scarcely finished before the cave became so dark that we

could see nothing whatever save a dim glow where lay the water of the lake.

I anticipated that the Cayugas, following their night of revel and the day of fruitless search for their former prisoners, would not be abroad after sundown, and I was impatient to be moving. To wait was torture itself, and so, giving a few final instructions to Constance, and warning her to under no circumstances speak or cry out, I took her trembling hand in mine and we walked down the pebble-covered bank until by reaching forward I located the edge of the rock shield. I directed her to take a long breath and close her mouth, and then, as easily as though I had been carrying a paddle, I swept her under the edge of the rock and we came quietly to the surface. Never have I forgotten Constance Leonard's bravery and presence of mind in that hour. Without a word, or a quick, convulsive movement, she laid hold upon the buckskin jacket that covered my shoulders and back. Without a splash that might be heard farther than the leap of a trout, we adjusted ourselves and I struck out. I swam well down under her, my face just coming to the surface and making the long, forward overhand strokes that Hiokoto had taught

me — strokes that meant speed without fatigue, and a silence that would enable me in the darkness to pass a watchful sentry on the bank without being heard.

I found Constance less of a burden than I had expected, and I had been swimming but a few minutes before my hopes began to rise and I thought that victory was ahead. The water of the lake was warm and agreeable, the stars were twinkling overhead, and the path to freedom was open. I wished that I might see the girl's face, or speak a word of encouragement, or commend her for the beautiful manner in which she was behaving, but I must be content for the present to forego that pleasure.

Swimming close to shore, except where there were deep bays where I could save distance by cutting straight across, I continued steadily for an hour. Each point was familiar to me, and I knew we were making fine progress. Though not exhausted, I drew in upon some rocks where I could be sure our feet would leave no imprint, and we rested. Constance was somewhat numbed, but by violently swinging her arms and by stamping her feet upon the rocks, her circulation was restored and she was again ready to

take to the water. What distressed me most was that during our rest she was constantly regretting that she was so helpless, that she was such a burden to me, and that she could do nothing to help; but she warmed my blood when she said, "I wish my father could have known you, Henry Cochrane. He loved a brave act in anybody, and he would have thought yours the bravest he had ever known."

"I think he is helping us to-night," I told her. "Hiokoto says that the spirits of brave men often come back from the Happy Hunting Grounds to help those whom they love and who need help. I never before could swim as I do to-night."

"Do you think so?" she asked me, taking my hand. "Dear brother, I have thought he was with me all the time since we left the cave. He has whispered, 'Be a brave little girl!' in my ear hundreds of times. Then he would say, 'Your brother, whom God has sent to take my place, will save you, my brave little girl, and you must have courage and help him.'"

Again we went forward, and still using every precaution against making a sound that might be borne in the still night air to great distances

upon the water. With each stroke I gained courage, and though I swam with deliberation, I knew that we were making good progress. I recalled the swimming contests at Seneca Castle and was thankful that I had taken so great an interest in them. Also, I partially forgave Scarred Cheek for his cruelty in keeping me long hours in the water for the amusement of himself and his companions, for I knew now that it had added to my powers of endurance and increased my skill.

On two other occasions I drew to shore and rested. The last time I observed that Constance was becoming unnerved and I feared that she would break down under the great strain to which she had been subjected. To renew her hopes I told her that we were now nearly far enough from the Cayuga village to make it safe for us to take to the shore, but that we could not do this until we came to some low, marshy lands that stretched away from the lake toward the west. I knew that it would be almost impossible for the Cayugas to trail us through a swamp, and that after we had penetrated to some distance, we could conceal ourselves upon some of the bog-knolls that were always covered with

bushes, and by slow degrees could make our way to the other side. It was my design to reach the "water trail," as it was called, over which I had been taken three years before by my captors. I hoped here to fall in with some white traders who would aid us in coming to the settlements. I knew the swamp toward which we were fleeing was of great extent, but I had little fear as to our likelihood of traversing it, for I had been there on several occasions with Hiokoto to snare birds, and understood its character.

As we entered the water for the third time, I saw that far ahead of us the shore of the lake flattened out and I knew that we would soon reach the edge of the big marshes. The prospect was not unpleasing, for I worried constantly about my companion. Occasionally I spoke encouragingly to her, telling her to watch a certain line of trees and see how rapidly we were approaching them.

Suddenly, not a canoe-length ahead of me, a round, black object appeared in my path, and at the same instant a piercing scream arose from Constance and her hands tightened in a strangle grip around my neck. It needed only a glance

to show that several other round black objects surrounded us, and in that instant I was convinced that there was no escape. Quick as thought, I turned upon my back, and catching Constance in my arms, and with the words "Little sister!" on my lips, I sank with her like a stone.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### OUR PLAN MISCARRIES

ONE thinks with amazing rapidity in the extreme moments of life, and when I saw the heads of half a dozen Indians around us on that night, and heard the cry of horror from the girl I had promised to rescue, the thought that came to my mind like a flash of light was a teaching of the savages — that it is better to go on your journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds by your own act than to give to your enemy the satisfaction of a triumph over you. I did not pause to consider the doctrine, as there was no time for that, and the thought that was with me as I sank with Constance Leonard in my arms, was that it were far better for her to die thus in a moment than to live a lingering death in the hands of Scarred Cheek.

The water at that point was a depth of perhaps three times the height of my body, and before we had come to the bottom, we were seized

and I knew that we were being borne toward the surface. With one hand I fought the men, holding Constance firmly in my left arm; but they tore her from my grasp and easily brought us to the air — the girl unconscious, and I nearly exhausted and despairing. Three men bore me up and swam rapidly with me toward the shore; two swam with the girl between them, and the sixth led the way. Not a word had been spoken, and I neither cared to, nor could I in the darkness, see the faces of the Indians who carried us forward.

We entered at length the mouth of a deep stream, coming into the lake from the swamp toward which I had been making headway. We wound along this for some distance, and I wondering all the time why we did not land. At last we did so, going to the bank upon the trunk of a dead tree of great size that had been thrown down by the wind long years before.

After pushing through the high flags and alder bushes for some distance, walking mainly upon the bog tufts, we came to a knoll that was well above the water, and where I discovered signs of an encampment.

The leader of the party turned suddenly, and

catching me in his arms brought me to his breast in his firm embrace.

"Dundiswa!" he said in endearment, "Dundiswa, my brother!"

"Hiokoto!" I exclaimed, too astonished at first to believe my senses. "Is it true that my brother has found me at last?"

"Dundiswa has waited long and with patience," he said in a tone in which I detected disappointment, "but he did not think that the Hawk would fail to fly to his aid?"

He held my hands in his firm clasp, his face close to mine, and his words full of earnestness.

"No, my brother," I told him. "Dundiswa knew that Hiokoto would come to help him escape from the Beaver, and he would have awaited the signal, but he could not do so. The Beaver brought to the Cayuga village as a prisoner the sister of Dundiswa, and then it came that Dundiswa could no longer wait."

Instantly his manner changed, and I observed he was greatly relieved. In a way, as I have explained, Silent Foot was responsible for my safety. At least, the ethics of the Indians required that he keep me from falling into the hands of the one who had contested with him

for my custody, and when, after a long time, it was discovered where I had been taken, it was naturally supposed that Hiokoto would in some manner gain possession of his charge, or lose his life in the attempt. That I should accomplish my own escape would be regarded as a matter of reproach upon my protector, and he was clearly grieved because I had done so. The statement that I had taken the initiative because my sister had been brought to the Cayuga village as a captive would absolve the Hawk from any neglect of duty. The winter was not a good time for him to put forth an attempt to rescue me, as he could not live in the forest unprotected for weeks awaiting his opportunity to strike, and he had started out as early in the spring as was safe to do so. For nearly a week they had been concealed in the swamp, cautiously approaching the village by night and watching their opportunity to steal in and spirit me away. They knew of the torture of the three white men, and were somewhat mystified over the searching parties that were out on the following day. That evening, one of the young men had been watching the lake, and peering out over the smooth surface he saw a dark object mov-

ing slowly toward him. The ripples that came to his feet told him that a swimmer was abroad, and so his companions were summoned and they swam out so silently that I did not observe their approach until we were surrounded.

Neither Hiokoto nor any of his companions knew whom they were thus entrapping until they brought me to the surface, and that they waited until we were safely out of the water and well concealed before disclosing themselves to me, illustrates another phase of Indian character.

I had told Hiokoto that Constance Leonard was my sister, and I did this quite involuntarily and without thinking. As we talked together a few moments, I began to realise that I must keep up this fiction. There was at present no possibility of my being able to take her to a white settlement. Although I had every privilege held by any Seneca of my age, and while I was regarded as the brother of Hiokoto and was a member of the Great Fraternity, I was still a prisoner, and had I told my friend that it was my desire and intention to leave the Indians and take Constance with me to our own people, he would have scalped me with as little regret as

he would have experienced in scalping the Beaver. We could not, therefore, follow the plan I had proposed, but instead must go to Seneca Castle. While this was a great disappointment in one way, it no doubt saved our lives, for I soon learned that the whole country was in turmoil, that bands of Indians were frequently making raids upon the whites, and that war was being waged upon all sides. Had we escaped starvation, we no doubt would have fallen into the hands of some of the marauding bands who would have held us as prisoners or returned us to the tender mercies of the Beaver. The one course left was to march proudly with the Hawk and his friends to Seneca Castle, taking all the credit that would be paid me when the story of my effort was told, and await developments.

I went to Constance, who had been tenderly assisted to the camp and sat a little one side, her head buried in her arms. She did not know that we were in the hands of friends, and supposed we were to be carried back to the village as soon as daylight appeared.

"Your brother — the Silent Foot?" she said in glad surprise when I had told her. "Oh, how happy I am for your sake, Henry. I thought

that you would be taken back and tortured; and all because you had befriended me."

"No, little sister," I assured her. "I am safe from torture, and you are safe from Onontigo as long as Hiokoto and his five warriors have a drop of blood left in their veins. Of course we are not yet clear of the Cayuga country, and there may be some hard experiences before we are. But we have good friends to help us, and the honour of Hiokoto to sustain."

Then, speaking low, I told her what we must do — how we would have to go cheerfully and contentedly to the Seneca capital; how she must pose as my sister indeed, and how we must wait patiently until the time might come when we could go among our own people.

Brave little flower that she was, she put her hand in mine and whispered, "I will do as you bid me, Henry, and be patient. After all, it makes little difference, for there are none at home to watch for my coming. But what will I tell them, Henry, if they ask how I escaped the day you were captured on the river?"

I told her that while the Indians were very inquisitive, they also held high respect for another's secret. If she should ever be questioned upon this point, she had only to shake her head

and reply that it was her "good medicine" that had saved her. They would accept that statement as final, as indeed they did, not long afterward.

Day was breaking and I signalled Hiokoto to come to us. "The white people call Dundiswa's sister Constance, which means true. Let Hiokoto give her a name, and then she will also be the sister of the Hawk."

Tall and lithe he stood there before us, the most beautiful specimen of physical development I have ever seen. His face bore a faint but tender smile and his eyes were full of love as he glanced first at Constance and then turned to me. It was a picture for an artist who loved nature in its simplicity — the girl, with wet garments clinging about her, seated on the bottom of an overturned canoe; her beautiful golden hair dark and sodden with the water and clustering in ringlets to her head; her round, eager face, turned slightly toward me, but her eyes fastened upon the Indian. I stood by her side, more the savage, perhaps, than the white. My hair was long and plaited, though as brown as the shell of a chestnut. I wore a short sleeved tunic of buckskin reaching to my waist, and a girdle of the same material. My moccasins and

leggings were still in the bundle that had been bound upon Constance's shoulders. I was as tall, lacking a hand's-breadth, as Hiokoto, and he was easily above six feet, and, like him, I did not have an atom of surplus flesh. I was in my eighteenth year, yet a man in experience and stature; and looking back at the scene to-day, I can say with truth that I was a comely youth.

The Indian — but I have described him to you, and will simply add that of all the men of his race I ever met, Hiokoto was the only one who did not carry himself with an air of vanity.

He looked toward the rising sun, and then back toward Constance, and the tender look deepened in his eyes.

"The sister of Dundiswa shall be the sister of Hiokoto, his brother."

I interpreted his words as he spoke them, for although the Hawk could speak English fairly well by this time, he preferred his own language. He continued: "The Great Spirit has given her a name, and it is Wah-o-me."

As he spoke, Hiokoto stepped forward and disengaged from the bow that Constance had carried on her back, the white blossom of a water lily.

# CHAPTER XIX

## A LONG RETREAT

A DISTINCTIVE feature of the Indian mode of warfare was rapidity of movement. When the enemy was once struck, or when a raid was accomplished upon a settlement of whites or a tribe with which we were at war, the attacking party, if successful, did not sit down to celebrate the victory, but with all speed and caution withdrew from the scene, and in a short time would be far distant. Like the swift darting of the hawk or the eagle upon its prey would come the attack, and then as swiftly would be the flight to the safe shelter of the distant village, where the fruits of the expedition might be enjoyed at leisure, and the boasting might be made before the circle of admiring companions.

Following this custom, Hiokoto permitted no rest. He well knew that Onontigo would not pause until he had beaten every thicket, threaded each forest trail and pushed the canoes of the

Cayugas over all the streams in the vicinity in search of the fugitives from the village. The Hawk would not have shirked encounter were it necessary, but there was ever danger in a contest, and with Constance to protect, the danger was increased, and he would not run any risk that might be avoided. In a few words he informed his fellows as to his plan, and three of them were taken to the mouth of the stream in the canoe and there left to make their way to an agreed rendezvous by land. There was no hesitancy on their part, for they had full confidence in being able to avoid the Cayugas. Then Hiokoto, the two remaining young men, Constance and myself, crowded into the canoe, and before the sun was a half hour high, we were following the tortuous stream through the almost limitless swamp. Hour after hour we pushed forward — slowly, for the turgid stream was narrow, bending and doubling upon itself with amazing frequency — with never a pause or a word spoken to relieve the monotony. Deeper and deeper we penetrated the fastness of the marsh that covered at that time a vast area, connecting the several long lakes that lie so closely together in that territory. Midday

came, but there was no pause, nor until late in the afternoon when it became necessary to carry our canoe over a rise of land that occupied fully half an hour, in crossing. Upon the westerly side of the rise, we came upon another stream or small river, much larger than the swamp water course we had been following, and which flowed between firm banks. We entered this, and striking the down current followed it with better speed, until nearing sunset, we entered another of the lakes. Straight across we went in the deepening twilight, and when we had reached the western side, a sheltered bay was found, upon the shores of which we encamped.

Constance was made very comfortable upon a couch of evergreen boughs and was soon asleep. Hiokoto took the first watch of the night alone, his two young warriors the second, and I the third, our time being divided by the position of the stars. It could not have been more than an hour before daylight when I heard faintly trembling on the air, far away on the easterly side of the lake, the deep hoot of an owl. The cries of all kinds of night birds, the grunts of porcupines, the barking of foxes, occasionally the caterwaul of a wildcat or the yelp of his more

powerful brother, the panther, were not uncommon, and they had given me no deep concern. Nor would I have thought a second time of the owl hooting on the distant shore did I not know that the bird usually hunted and mated in the first portion of the night, and near morning sought his nest in quiet. Thrice the hoot was repeated, and the thought came to me that it was a signal. I stepped to Hiokoto's side and laid my hand upon his shoulder. Without a word he arose as quietly as a shadow and followed me to the shore of the cove. I told him what I had heard and thereupon he gave the sharp whistle of a hawk. A moment later, the answer came — the bark of a fox, followed by the mournful hoot of the owl.

"Our friends," said Hiokoto in explanation, and he entered the canoe and pushed out into the darkness. Not long afterwards he returned, accompanied by the three young Senecas from whom we had parted the morning before. They brought word that Onontigo and all the men from the Cayuga village were upon the trail, and that one party, consisting of about twenty Cayugas, had camped for the night some distance from the shore of the lake, having reached

that point after nightfall. The Senecas came near stumbling upon them, but had escaped undetected and by making a wide detour had finally come to the lake. They believed that a considerable party had followed us through the swamp with canoes and would probably enter the lake in the early morning.

Our leader was never at a loss for a plan. Dividing our supply of food with the three men who had just arrived, he directed that they should remain at the cove until the early dawn, when they were to push out into the lake and row with all speed toward the south, one of them crouching low in the boat to represent a woman. The lake was some thirty miles in length, and from the southern end they could reach other lakes and streams by carrying over heights of land, and finally come to Seneca Castle. It was expected that they would be observed by the Cayugas, and probably be followed as soon as the second party should arrive with the canoes. This is exactly what happened, but the Senecas had a long start, and by making forced marches and using many subterfuges, they baffled their pursuers and reached Seneca Castle in safety.

While it was yet dark, I awakened Constance,

and we made ready to depart. Hiokoto led the way, and stepping out into the shallow water of the cove, we entered a small stream that fell into the lake at that point. Upon the bed of this stream, strown thickly with boulders, we slowly picked our course up a deep ravine and winding on through the hills. We were at this time really upon what might be termed the territory of the Senecas, for the lake that we had camped upon was recognised as the eastern boundary of the Seneca country, if there was a dividing line between any of the tribes of the Iroquois. But there being no law or established authority over matters in which individuals were concerned, we took the precaution of following the creek bed to conceal our trail, least the Cayugas, landing at the cove, might discover that the members of the party whom they were desirous of capturing, had not departed in the canoe. So we followed the creek a long distance, clambering carefully over dams formed of driftwood and fallen trees, and taking every precaution to leave no trace that might be discovered by those who were skilled in the observation of such things. The creek at length became too small for our purpose, and then we took to the bank in a fa-

vourable place, and proceeding to the top of a hill, paused for a brief rest.

Although we had assisted Constance over the most difficult portions of the journey, she was very tired, and after we had eaten, we made a couch for her in the warm sun and she was soon asleep. Hiokoto scouted along the route as a matter of precaution to see if we were being followed, but he discovered nothing of an alarming nature, and when he returned in the middle of the afternoon we again set out, feeling certain that we had eluded Onontigo and his followers.

Late that evening we came to the Seneca town Kanaudaque, at the foot of a lake by that name, which means in our language the Chosen or Beautiful Lake. We entered a long house, and Hiokoto, awaking an old woman, gave Constance into her hands. In the morning Constance, whose beauty was so pronounced as to attract the attention of even those stoics of the wilderness, was the object of much curiosity, for none of the Indians had ever seen a person with such a wealth of golden hair. That she was my sister and was going to share my home with the Senecas at the chief village of the tribe, was all-sufficient as an explanation, and we left the

village knowing that we could now take our own time. We followed the open trail, and as we had been supplied liberally with food, and Constance had been given new moccasins and leggings, we had little difficulty that day in reaching Haunyauga, or the lake of the Open Hand, where there was another small village. The following day we went to Adjusta, or the Lake Between the Hills, and the next day we came to Seneca Castle. The entire distance could easily have been made by the men of our party in a day, but we were compelled to move slowly and take frequent rests because of the condition of my foster sister. Indeed, for the last two or three hours of our journey, we carried her in a rude litter which we hastily constructed for that purpose. The rain was falling in torrents during most of the last day, and the poor girl was so broken down by the fatigue and exposure that I feared that she would not live until we came to shelter.

We were given a noisy welcome in our long house, for my return was an event in which all patrons of the Hawk were greatly interested. Hiokoto had become the leader of a strong following, and whether he should retain that

leadership or lose it, depended largely upon whether he should secure possession of his white brother, if alive, or have vengeance upon the Beaver if I had been slain. Besides that, I was something of a favourite, the Senecas feeling pride in having among them a white boy who had adopted all their manners and customs and who showed no disposition to leave them. When it was told that the exhausted girl was my sister, and that she, too, had been stolen from Hiokoto's rival and enemy, the rejoicing increased and almost became the occasion for a dance in celebration of the event. This, however, was avoided for the present, owing to the condition of Constance. She was taken in hand by the women and was led to a couch where she was almost buried in furs.

## CHAPTER XX

### WE DECIDE FOR WAR

I MUST leave my readers to review for themselves what transpired in the colonies in their struggle for liberty during the year 1777, confining my tale only to what happened within my own narrow sphere at Seneca Castle, until such time as the real contest came between the Indians and the whites.

We had not been in the chief villages of the Senecas an hour before I knew that we had espoused the British cause and were at war with the settlers. Of course I did not realise what all this meant, for had I not been cut off from everything but savagery for three years and knew little indeed about the great events that have since stirred my heart with patriotism, and will, I trust, keep it a-tune until it ceases altogether to beat. During the winter, many of our people had paid long visits to Niagara, the seat of British influence in the interior at that

time. By constantly dwelling upon the wrongs that the Iroquois had suffered at the hands of unprincipled traders and adventurers; by pointing out how the settlers were pushing in to occupy the lands of the Indians, and were crowding us back inch-by-inch; and by promising protection against these settlers as well as against the French, who were the long-standing foes of the Iroquois, the seeds of revenge had been planted and nurtured in childlike minds, while their deep natures had been wrought upon to lead them to strike a blow to preserve from steady and resistless invasion the homes that they loved. The Iroquois were proud of their position as conquerors of all people within striking distance of their tribes, and they were shown how this was being taken away from them, how they were being weakened, destroyed and divided, and there was held up before them the terrible picture of slavery — a state that to an Indian is a thousand times more to be feared than death.

It is not a matter for wonder that the Iroquois, with the exception of the Oneidas, decided to cast their lot with England. Rather, it is a marvel that they did not sooner decide to do so, and that they did not act as they had ever acted here-

tofore, in concert. The colonists with whom they came in contact were largely composed of adventurers who, while they may have been a sturdy people, striking for liberty and right, were usurpers who came among a people who for untold generations had occupied this country and who regarded the lands and waters as their own. Already they had been cheated, robbed and deceived by most of the whites who settled among them, and their intercourse with these settlers was not such as to create a favourable impression in the minds of untutored savages. From the French also, they had learned many bitter lessons, for the French had ever endeavoured to thrust upon them at the point of the sword a religion that had no tolerance for their own beautiful legends and primitive beliefs.

The one man in all America who had understood the Iroquois, and who had not deceived them, was Sir William Johnson, the British representative in this country. His death occurred before the opening of the Revolution, and Sir Guy Johnson had taken his place. Sir Guy used his influence to hold the Iroquois with England, and with him were Brant and many English officers and representatives, who worked, as I have

shown, upon the love of home and the national pride of these simple children of the forest.

I have stepped aside from my story for a few moments to say this in order that my readers may understand and not too harshly judge some of the events that now follow.

Only a short time after our return to Seneca Castle, a large number of our warriors went to the east, through the country of the Onondagas, the Oneidas and the Mohawks, to aid the British General Burgoyne. They were absent a long time, and some of them never returned. But those who came back brought the scalps of white people and made glad the hearts of those who remained at the village by the numerous presents and articles of plunder with which they were burdened.

The war spirit then ran high indeed, and plans were laid by each chief for raids in which he would lead the warriors who followed his standard. In the midst of this came deputies who informed us that a large army of British was to move against the fort at the Carrying Place,[1] and when this had been taken they would proceed eastward through the country of the Mo-

[1] Fort Stanwix.

hawks, destroying the hated Dutchmen and rebellious English who had formed settlements there, thus restoring to the Iroquois the homes that had been taken from them. I well recall how this plan was made known to us at the council, and how, after it had been long considered, it was decided that the Seneca warriors would aid the British in their expedition. To Cornplanter, the chief, fell the honour of making known our decision to Butler, the British General. He approached him and said:

"We receive you as our father. We have loved your father, the great king across the water, and our hatchets have been sharpened on our affections. In proof of our sincerity, our whole village, able to go to war, are come forth. The aged and infirm, our infants and wives, alone remain at home. With one common consent we promise a constant obedience to all your orders, and may the father of days give you many, and success."

Then what activity in preparation for departure! For there must be the feast and the dance, the wild revel in which all the passions of savagery were aroused, the boasting and the death song — for no warrior would embark upon an

expedition in which there was probability of his death, without first warning his brothers in the Happy Hunting Grounds that he was prepared to follow them.

And I — I, a white youth, danced with them and prepared for the warpath! No other lesson had come to my ears; I saw only the side that had been portrayed to us, and while I longed to return to my own people and live among them, and to take my foster sister, Constance, with me, I thought that only through British rule was there safety and peace for the Indians as well as the whites.

Constance, wide-eyed and shrinking, from among the girls and women looked upon our orgies. She had been adopted into our long house, and upon my advice had mingled freely with the women. Reared in some refinement and not accustomed to such hardships, she found it difficult to accept the free, wild life that we led at Seneca Castle, and for a time she drooped and pined. However, she soon took a peculiar position among her dark-skinned sisters, for her unusual beauty, combined with a certain imperious manner and superior intelligence, gave her a leadership, and she was regarded not unlike a

child of royalty. Within a month, her word was law, and her every wish was treated as a command that must be obeyed. She selected one of the compartments and with skins curtained it off that she might be by herself whenever she desired. Hiokoto's two sisters became her companions, and I was much amused to observe that the younger one was soon taught in many ways to serve my lady as her maid. She queened it over the men, too, as she did over the women, and all looked upon her with something akin to awe. They guarded her with a jealousy that almost reached worship, and not only in our long house, but all through the village there arose a patriotism for Wah-o-me, the Water Lily, that presented another illustration of the childlike character of these people.

Wherever she went, watchful eyes were upon her and a score of women and girls were within easy call at every moment, day or night. Almost from the start, I believed that it was quite improbable that she would again fall into the hands of Scarred Cheek, for I knew that he would hesitate long before he would attempt to take her away by main force. True, he had brought her to the Cayugas a prisoner and held

a right of conquest over her, but was she not my sister; and had I not in turn delivered her from his hands? The council settled that question, and the Water Lily was rightfully held by the Senecas.

There was one thing, however, they denied to Constance — she was hustled within her apartment upon the approach of any whites who came to treat with us, and was not permitted to appear until they were well on their way — so fearful were these people that their little queen would be taken from them.

I had watched the growth of this treatment of Constance with some misgivings, and it made me fear that while in time she might come to be their queen indeed, she would still be their prisoner and that from their bondage I could never hope to release her.

"Henry," she said to me when she had motioned me to come apart from the others, "are you going with the Indians to fight against the white people?"

"There is no other way, little sister," I told her.

"Can you not remain here by telling them you cannot fight your own people?"

"Not unless I remain as a coward and a slave. They would compel me to wear a skirt and work in the fields or the house with the women. They would take my name from me and give me one of derision, and all my life I would be ridiculed and called a squaw."

She thought a moment, then said: "But surely you ought not to fight against the whites."

"The white people are fighting each other," I replied; "and when they do that, the Indian sees no reason why he should not fight with one faction or the other. The Iroquois have chosen the one they will aid."

"But — you may not return, my brother."

I saw the colour in her face deepen as I looked upon it, and I felt a mighty yearning to take her in my arms and hold her to my breast, but had not the courage.

"Listen, my sister," I said. "Hiokoto and I are brothers and companions at arms. I fight in his band, for Hiokoto is a chief. If I do not return, Hiokoto will not return; and if he comes no more to Seneca Castle, then the Water Lily will not again see her brother, Dundiswa. The little sister will be lonely without us, and I do not know how she will ever escape to her people,

if I am not here to aid her. But she will stay with the Senecas and become their great queen, and will be happy and contented."

"When does my brother go?" she asked; and I saw her tremble.

I pointed to the east. "When the light first comes. The Water Lily will be asleep."

I took her hand, and then drawing her quickly to me, kissed her, and went away. But it was not the kiss of a brother.

## CHAPTER XXI

### WITH MARTIAL POMP

We assembled with the British forces at Irondequoit on the shore of Lake Ontario. Here I first saw ships bearing sails, large boats propelled by oars, mighty cannon that shot enormous iron balls, and companies of men, all resplendent in coloured uniforms, bearing guns that glistened in the sunlight and keeping step in long columns to the strains of music. It was an inspiring sight for my youthful eyes, and it impressed me as deeply as it did the wondering savages, who saw in the army of the English a representative of authority, and gained some knowledge of the power of the father who had sent them messages from across the water, laden with promises of protection and aid. The Indian loves pomp and display, and the gorgeous red and green worn by the soldiers, the polished brasses and braids of gold, the glistening medals and decorations, the flags and trappings that flut-

tered in the breeze, made up a feast that filled the eye and satisfied the dearest heart's desire of the men whose lives are spent amid the gloomy and sombre surroundings of the forest.

After two days spent here, we entered the ships and large boats and went eastward over the lake to a huge fort,[1] where a greater number of soldiers were assembled, and where we met considerable bands from other Iroquois tribes. The Indians had a camp apart by themselves and were served with rations by the British soldiers. Here I learned that not all the forces assembled were English, but that some of the companies were Germans who had been hired to fight under the English king, and that many others were of the colonies, men who still held allegiance to the father across the waters, and who by the rebels were called Tories.

Almost upon our arrival I made a discovery that gave me some alarm, but likewise comfort. Onontigo, the Beaver, was in the camp, surrounded by a large band of Cayugas whose chief he had now become. Most of them were men from the village in which I had been held prisoner, and when they discovered me, there were

[1] Oswego.

many dark and threatening looks that surely boded no great good. The Beaver rose from the circle where they were throwing bone dice, and approached me at a stride.

"Have the Senecas no men that they must send a slave to war?" he asked.

"The slave who outwitted Onontigo has earned his right to fight," I replied.

His hand was upon his tomahawk, but I looked him fearlessly in the eye, expecting every instant to close with him in deadly encounter. At that moment, however, Brant came between us, and demanded why we quarrelled.

"I have no quarrel with the Beaver," I replied, "though if he wishes to fight, I am ready."

"You are the White Seneca," said Brant, looking upon me with some admiration, I thought.

"Yes," I answered in English, "and the renegade who has no home in his own tribe called me a slave."

"Who is your chief?" demanded Brant.

"Hiokoto, my brother, who won me in fair contest from this dog; and by adoption into Honoh-tic-noh-gah I was made a free Seneca," I answered, still with spirit.

Brant turned upon the Beaver with wrath, and

speaking rapidly in Cayuga warned him to interfere with me no more. "There will be scalps enough to take from our enemies," he said, "and when you return to your villages you can settle your private quarrel among yourselves. I am responsible to our English father for the behaviour of the Indians," he added, "and the first one who makes disturbance will put on a petticoat and be drummed out of camp."

In time we moved from the fort along the banks of a river upon which were batteaux that transported cannon, ammunition and a great quantity of supplies. So large a force could not move rapidly, but at last we came to a lake that was named after the Oneidas, and when we had traversed this, to a stream [2] that wound sharply through a level country until we came to a dismantled fort [3] at the western end of the Carrying Place. This was at the head of navigation from the west, and a gentle rise of ground lay between this point and the Mohawk River, the whole space occupying not over two miles. At the eastern end of the Carrying Place stood Fort Stanwix [4] on the bank of the Mohawk, and this

[2] Wood Creek. [3] Fort Bull.
[4] Now the site of the City of Rome, N. Y.

was occupied by a force of the rebels, as they were called by the British.

Our forces soon invested this fort, but as it was a strong stockade and stoutly defended, we made no impression upon it. The outside of the stockade was banked with earth that was well sodded, and the firing of balls from our great cannon had no effect upon the earthen banks. There was little for the Indian forces to do, except occasional scouting, and we spent the days in idleness. Several times, the commander of our forces [5] summoned the fort to surrender, but an insolent answer was each time returned, and so we sat down for a long siege, determined to starve out the garrison.

It was at this time that I saw flying from the staff within the fort the flag that I have since learned to love with every drop of blood in my heart, and I have been told that this was the first time the Stars and Stripes were ever floated in the face of a foe. At all events, the flag greatly angered the British, and they roundly denounced the rebels who had displayed it and who so impertinently taunted us from their secure position. Though we made frequent attacks upon

[5] Col. Barry St. Ledger.

them, and scarcely an hour of the day or night passed without the interchange of shots, we did not seem to frighten them or shake their determination to oppose us to the last.

Finally there came to us a messenger from the Mohawk Castle at Canajoharie who brought us tidings of a new diversion, and immediately a thrill of excitement ran through the camp. The messenger was a son of Molly Brant, who had been the Indian wife of Sir William Johnson, and a sister of our Thayendenaga. She sent word that the settlers in the Mohawk valley had armed and were marching westward under General Herkimer to give us battle in the attempt to relieve the besieged fort and drive us back upon Oswego.

Then it was that I saw Brant at his best. He went everywhere throughout the Indian camp, carrying the news of the advance from the valley and consulting with the chiefs. The prospect of battle was meat and drink for him, and he moved with a rapidity that betrayed his impatience over delay and disclosed his wonderful energy. Though skilled in strategy, he held the full contempt of the savage over inaction when upon the warpath. Camping around a stockade in which

were imprisoned hundreds of men, and waiting to wear them out by hunger might be good enough warfare for the British and German soldiers, but it was not to the taste of the Indian, and Brant had been compelled to use all his persuasions and no end of threats to hold the Indians from returning to their homes. Now the conditions were to change. An uncovered foe was approaching, upon which we could steal with the caution of the lynx, and from whom we could satisfy ourselves with plunder, and bloodshed and scalps.

Immediately our warriors commenced preparations for renewing the war dance and set about collecting fuel for the purpose. Brant saw this and put a stop to it.

"My brothers held the war dance at their homes before they left them," he said, "and it was good. If they again light the fire and raise their voices in the song that has struck terror to the hearts of their enemies for many years, they will fail. The forest has eyes to see and ears to hear, and the story may be carried to the rebels that the red men are making ready to greet them with the tomahawk and scalping knife. Then they will turn and run to their holes like the

foxes, and we would be compelled to dig them out. Wait, my brothers, wait."

St. Ledger sent rum among the Indians that they might have a carousal, and they were content with that.

Brant, beckoning to Hiokoto and me, called us aside. "Do not drink any of the rum," he said, "nor let the young men of your band drink. I have work for you to-night, and you must not be drunk."

The Hawk drew himself up proudly. "Hiokoto and Dundiswa were taught the lesson by Cornplanter," he said, "and Thayendenaga knows that the great chief never tasted the fiery waters in his life, and that all his counsels to his people have been to not drink of this that the white men bring to steal our senses."

Brant knew that this was true, for Cornplanter and a few of the sagwahs had long before set their faces against the intemperance that the whites were teaching the Indians, and there was among the Senecas a strong temperance party.

"It is enough," he replied, "if you are Cornplanter's young men. I can trust you."

Then he gave us directions as to what we were

to do. A dozen of us were to go away quietly, one or two at a time, that we might not excite attention, and when we had assembled at an agreed place, we were to scout down the valley, meeting and watching the approaching foe, and sending Brant two messengers a day that he might be kept in touch with the size, arms, progress and approach of Herkimer's army.

"Remember," he said at last, "that the Oneidas are against us and are no longer members of the Iroquois. You are to give them no confidence if you come upon any of them, and are to treat them as foes, for they have cast with the rebels and will join them in fighting us. But you are not sent to fight — only as spies. I have chosen the Silent Foot and his young men for this work because I have heard well of them."

# CHAPTER XXII

## THE SCOUTS

I WONDER if I could make you understand the feelings that swept over me as we threaded the forest like grim spectres and I came at last upon familiar ground?

We skulked noiselessly from tree to tree, listening to the call of every bird, the scampering of squirrels, the distant drum of the partridge. We examined every disturbance upon the forest floor and crept around the bends of the river with caution. A rough road had been hewn out, scarce more than a path, overgrown with bushes and weeds, and most of the way it ran not far from the river. Along this, it was expected, the rebels would advance. We did not know what moment we might come upon one of their advance scouts, for surely, we believed, there would be scouts. So we kept back on either side from this almost trackless road, and crept forward,

inch-by-inch, straining every faculty of sight and hearing to discover signs of the approach of those whom we sought.

All at once I paused and looked about me like one who sleeps in daylight and is suddenly awakened. We were in a grove of butternut trees on a rise of ground from the river bottom, and a little to my right, behind the trunk of a giant tree, stood Hiokoto like a stone image. I saw him plainly, the sun glinting down through the sparse leaves and flecking his perfect, almost naked body, with lights and shadows. And yet, between us there were shadowy forms, and as I slowly moved my head from right to left, others like them peopled the grove.

There was my father and mother, close beside Hiokoto — shadows, to be sure, but still as distinct as though in the flesh and blood. They were gathering the butternuts from the ground and piling them in a basket made of ash splints, which my father had woven. And near them were Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, and their two sons, all gathering the plump brownish-green nuts into the baskets which stood about. And here, almost at my feet, I knelt upon the ground, facing my sister Electa, and tossed nuts into her

pretty sunbonnet to see her laugh in high glee over her success in catching them.

I looked a moment upon them, and then it all rushed back upon me. Here at the right, just across the river, where the hill came down abruptly, was our clearing, and to this grove of butternuts we came in the autumn with our neighbours to gather the winter's store. And I, the savage now, all painted with the colours of red and yellow and black, decked out with quills and feathers and bearing hatchet, knife, bow and arrows; spying upon those who were coming forth to defend their homes — I saw those peaceful shadows there under the butternut trees, as plainly as now I see the words I have written. I clasped my hands before my eyes and groaned aloud, for the memories that came crowding upon my brain were so sweet, so full of all that was pure and innocent, so far removed from the wild and savage life I led, that they struck upon my brain in agonising pain. Hiokoto heard me and moved quickly to my side.

"How?" he inquired anxiously.

"My home," I half whispered, half groaned. "It was here on the other side of the river. My

father, mother and sister — I saw them here in the grove, and I with them as we were before —"

"Your sister, the Water Lily, is at the home of the Senecas," replied the Indian, not fully comprehending what I had told him.

Then I remembered the past no longer, but thought only that my duty lay at hand, and that it would be a means to help me take Constance Leonard from her captivity, and dwell once more among my people.

We came at last to the rendezvous of the rebels, and were amazed to see how little care they took to picket the fort[1] where they assembled. It was no difficult matter to spy out their numbers, and in the evening I crept near one of their camp fires and heard the men talking loudly among themselves. They spoke mostly in Dutch, with English and sometimes Mohawk words thrown in, and so I understood little of what they said. When the fires went down, after they had had their supper, and the men slept in the hot night upon blankets thrown upon the ground, we crawled among them and made sure of the count. Later, one of our young men

[1] Fort Dayton. Present site of Herkimer, N. Y.

started on return to the Carrying Place to give Brant the news that he awaited.

The next day the rebel forces moved up the valley along the road I have described. We hovered upon them, both right and left, sometimes leading them, and again strolling carelessly in the rear; for we had learned that they moved without guards, and that they had no apparent fear of ambush or surprise. At times I could have thrust my hand from a leafy covering and seized some of the arms carried by the men who slowly picked their way through the tangled path, joking with their neighbours in loud and boisterous voices, or again raising a song that awakened all the echoes in the forest. They marched not at all after the manner of the soldiers under the British commander, who kept ever in compact formation and moved over no section that had not been carefully beaten to discover whether foes were concealed or a dangerous trap was laid.

We sent to Brant full details of the manner of the approach of the rebels, and of their progress, and when the halt was made near the time of sunset, one of the band lost no time in hastening to Stanwix to let the fact be known. Some

hours later, we heard the signal that called us from our watch, and soon we were in the presence of Brant himself. He could scarce believe when we told him that the rebel camp was not protected by outposts, and that only a few sentries patrolled within a short distance of the camp, paying little heed to careful watch. Signalling me to lead, Brant made the circuit of the camp, at times creeping to within a few paces of the sentries, and measuring all with his practiced eye.

"If I had brought fifty Senecas with me, we could scalp half of the rebels before they awoke," he said, when we came back to the trail.

Then he made known to us his plan. The Indians and some portion of the British had been moved eastwardly from Stanwix to a point where the road over which the rebels were proceeding crossed a deep ravine. The Indians were to be ambushed in the thick woods on the easterly side of the ravine, and the soldiers were to be masked in the same manner over the brow of the hill on the westerly side. When the rear of the rebel force would be descending the hill into the gully, the van would be opposite the British soldiers. At that moment, the soldiers were to open a

deadly volley, which was expected to throw the rebels into confusion and cause the leaders to fall back upon their companions in the ravine. Then the Indian ambush was to break upon the rear of the enemy, falling with the force of a storm of death, penning the rebels in the narrow place, and butchering them without mercy. Brant's only fear was that, having approached so near Stanwix, where they must have known a considerable force invested the fort, the rebels would become cautious and throw out scouts. In this event, if the scouts could not be silenced before giving the alarm, we were to fall upon the rebels as soon as possible and drive them into the swamp that bordered the river at this point.

Hiokoto and I were detailed to watch the rebel camp, and runners were established at frequent posts so that word could be sent with speed to our chieftain and his chiefs at the place of ambush.

Thus the night soon passed, and at daylight the rebel camp was astir. We could see the men cooking and eating their breakfast, after which most of them lazily rolled out upon the ground and smoked their pipes. Soon there appeared to be a consultation of the officers, and though we

could not distinguish what was said, we knew by their manner that an angry dispute was in progress. It was carried on around a small old man, who most of the time sat upon a stool or end of a log and constantly smoked his pipe. At times he would rise and pace back and forth as I have observed a tethered bear to do; and then he would sit again and smoke as though he were indifferent to all that was transpiring around him. A long time thus passed, and from every part of the camp men crowded around the officers until from our hiding place we could no longer see the old general. Finally we saw him leap upon the object on which he had been sitting, and waving his sword in the direction of Stanwix, he shouted a shrill command to march on.

Instantly the camp was all confusion. Men ran to get their packs and the guns, and three or four officers mounted horses, the little old general among the rest. Hiokoto raised his hand and I crept silently back until at a safe distance and darted with all speed to the first post.

"The rebels are breaking camp," was the message that I sent on to Brant, and then returned

to my companion. We watched their straggling formation as on the previous day, and noted with interest that a band of about fifty Oneida Indians, who had joined the rebels the evening before, protested to the officers. By the manner of their signs, we well knew that they were suggesting the throwing out of scouts, and we marvelled that their advice was not heeded. The old general had set his face toward Stanwix, and the officers were around him, some of them laughing as if to cheer him up, while the rebels whom he led leisurely took their places in some semblance of companies.

At last, well along in the hot afternoon, the force under Herkimer moved forward, and as it did so, Hiokoto and I sped as fleet as the wind to the runner that by this time had returned to his post.

"The rebels move without scouts!" were the words that went flying to Thayendenaga!

## CHAPTER XXIII

### O-HIS-HEH[1]

SILENT FOOT and his young braves were at Thayendenaga's right. Not twenty paces away and just beyond the chieftain, crouched Scarred Cheek and his Cayugas. When we came to our place in the ambush, I saw the Beaver touch one of his braves on the shoulder and then nod his head toward us. Soon, as we waited, it became evident that the Indians had been given rum to stir their evil passions and cruelties to their highest tension. The smell of it was in the air, and I bethought me that it would be carried to the nostrils of the approaching rebels and do for them at last that in which prudence had failed. As I thought thus, the Beaver drew from his pouch a large bottle, and when he had drunken his fill, he passed it among his braves. Brant's face was like a thundercloud as he saw the act, and he raised his hand in threatening gesture.

[1] Seneca dialect for Oriskany.

But at this moment we heard in the distance the sound of voices, and the more distant rattle of the heavy wagon that was being hauled over the rough forest road to convey supplies for the rebels. The shout of a driver to his horses, and the sharp bang of the wagon wheels against stone or log came up through the trees with startling clearness. The hum of the voices grew louder, with frequently one breaking into a merry laugh at some rude jest, and soon we could hear the tread of feet crunching the bushes and weeds that almost choked the roadway.

I glanced about me to relieve the tension, and saw everywhere along that forest path — skulking behind tree, lying in hollow, crouching at the side of rotting log, clustered in thicket,— the forms of men who watched the coming of their prey even as the spider watches the buzzing fly that nears his web; and, like the spider, ready to dart forth and slay.

I had never yet shed human blood, and in that instant I said to myself that I would not this day shed it, unless it were in my own defense, or to protect my brother, Hiokoto. As I thought thus, I saw the first of the rebels approaching, conversing together as though in peaceful homes

and carrying their guns thrown carelessly over their shoulders. The eyes of Thayendenaga glistened like those of a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike, and the muscles of his body worked like the shoulders of a cat as it crouches to spring upon a bird that is innocently warbling its song, unconscious of danger and at full throat.

Slowly they passed us, intent upon where they placed their feet, thinking, poor fools, that the danger of a stumble and fall in the soft forest path was all that menaced them! Had one of them looked right or left with the ordinary interest of a man who gazes about him to observe what manner of rock, or tree, or hill or gully lies about him, he must have seen the fate that lurked there all a-tremble to rush forth in a whirlwind of death.

Slowly they passed — a few men on foot and then the old general and three officers on horseback, riding two abreast. They dipped over the crest of the little hill and down the easterly side of the ravine, the men on foot pressing close behind the mounted officers. A little stream flowed through the ravine, and it was bridged by logs laid crosswise of the road and forming a rough crossing. One of the horses stumbled on

the logs, and its rider, a young, handsome man, held the animal up sharply and uttered an impatient oath. All this time the file of rebels was moving forward, and fully a third of their number must have passed our hiding place. Five minutes more and the whole rebel force would lie between the masked British on the west and the ambushed Indians on the east, and the floodgates would open a rain of death.

Overpowered by the knowledge of what was coming, fascinated as the tragedy moved there before me like some great sweep of flood which I lacked power to stop, I watched the rebel officers as their horses mounted slowly the western bank of the ravine. As they drew near the summit of the gentle ascent, a slight movement near at hand caused me to turn quickly, and at that instant, Onontigo raised a rifle to his shoulder and fired. Before the shot had sped, Brant leaped forward with a savage growl, but he was too late, and the rifle report rang out a warning that could not be mistaken.

The drunken Beaver, unable longer to stay his thirst for blood, had precipitated the battle before the enemy was fully entrapped!

There was a moment of silence — the rebels

were paralysed into inaction, struck motionless with a mighty fear that came into their hearts when they realised how carelessly they had walked into the trap of death; and we, because we could not comprehend that an Indian would spring that trap before his victim was well within its jaws. In that moment, many pictures flashed within my vision; I saw Brant catch Onontigo by the throat and hurl him backward as easily as a dog would toss the body of a chipmunk over his shoulder. I saw the young officer at whom Onontigo had fired reel in his saddle, and then fall backward on his horse, held in place by the stirrups while the animal plunged madly backward into the ravine. I saw the old general strike his forehead a blow of despair, and wheel his grey mount around, facing us. I saw the white men there before us turn ashen to the lips, some of them catching a companion by the arms or shoulders, not for the moment comprehending what they had to meet. I saw the Oneidas, trained as they were in Indian warfare, whirl to the rear and leap rapidly away among the rebels crying "Ambush!" "Ambush!" I saw the naked bodies of our Senecas, Mohawks, Onondagas and Cayugas, rise out of their places

of concealment, and bursting through the cover, hurl themselves with fearful shouts and flashing knives and hatchets and belching guns upon their almost helpless prey.

"The Oneidas!" shouted Brant. "Let Hi-okoto and his Senecas take revenge upon the Oneida dogs!"

The rebel line had been cut in two, and for the present was hopelessly separated, but those outside the ring of death fell rapidly back a short distance, and forming, soon came to the rescue of their penned-in comrades. The Oneidas were with them, some half hundred in number, and they had been promised reward for British, Tory, or allied Indian scalps, the same as we were promised rewards for the scalps of rebels. The Oneidas, knowing with whom they had to deal, at once adopted the tactics of Indian warfare, and the men who fought with them saw the wisdom of this and also sought shelter behind the trees, whence they fired whenever they caught a glimpse of their enemies.

West of us in the ravine the roar of guns was constant, and we knew that the British soldiers had moved forward and were playing their fire upon the luckless men who had been entrapped.

With the firing was mingled the war cries of the Indians, the sharp commands of officers, and the groans of wounded and dying men on both sides.

I cannot write in detail of this battle, which was waged for hours and continued until nearly nightfall, after the passage of a mighty thunder storm that put an end to all fighting for an hour. The battle extended over a wide field of hill and ravine, swamp and brush, and was so individual in its character that no one might survey it all and set down an intimate description of the movements. That small part only in which I was concerned is clear before me, and the remainder you must read in history where it will be surely written in the future. This I know, that when once the surprise of the attack had passed, the rebels fought with a bravery and intelligence that must for all time command the respect of those who study the story of the gory field of Oriskany.

Those whom we faced in the rear of Herkimer's forces, advanced from tree to tree, leaving their dead and wounded where they fell, bravely seeking to aid their companions who were now fighting along the sides of the ravine.

Thus in time we came between two fires, and not being well supported by the British soldiers, we were compelled to withdraw, permitting Herkimer's forces to again unite, which, having done, they moved westward against the British soldiery, and carried on the fight around a hill that jutted boldly out toward the river. Most of the Indians were thus cut off from the British forces, and were compelled to fight their way through the swamp, or by a wide detour over the hill to the south, before they could unite with the main forces.

Hiokoto's band of warriors numbered about twenty men, and throughout the day we hung upon the trail of the Oneidas. At times, we would come upon them and for a few minutes the encounter would be man-to-man, and hand-to-hand; and then again a long time might elapse during which we skulked behind trees or crawled stealthily through the swamp alder, seeking our foes or hiding from them as fortunes of the day wavered. Over half of our companions had been killed when fighting was resumed after the storm, but we knew that for each Seneca slain more than one Oneida had given up his life. At last, in the fighting we fell in with the

main force of Indians, but it was plain to see that they were both discouraged and angered.

"The British dogs are ever in the rear, and force us to the front when the firing is hottest," said one.

"They are cowards, and make the Indians do all the fighting," said another.

"They use us for a cover and remain in camp feasting and drinking," declared another.

So went the murmurs from tree to tree as we red men crept on toward the end of day, the advance guard thrown out to draw the fire of Herkimer's shattered but determined forces. The British were coming on behind us at some distance. I do not think that any command was given, for we were so widely separated that we were not under the direct command of the chiefs, but when the bullets of the rebels began again to whistle about our ears, we paused and awaited the advance of the British soldiers. More bullets came as the companies appeared, for Herkimer's force had now gathered to again repel an attack. But at that moment a new cry arose upon the air.

"Oonah! Oonah! Oonah!" it rang — "Retreat! Retreat! Retreat!"

With the cry, the Indians turned, dodging from tree to tree — firing, those who had guns, into the faces of the British — and rapidly disappeared from the field in the direction of Stanwix.

Running thus through the woods, Hiokoto some fifty paces in advance, I was startled to see Onontigo bound in between us. Poising his arm for an instant, he hurled his hatchet, almost with the speed of a bullet, and Hiokoto went down as I had seen many a man fall that day — headlong upon the forest mould.

Almost upon the instant, and before he could turn upon me, I leaped upon the Beaver's back and bore him down by the force of my leap against his body. He turned in my grasp as a snake will turn under the hollow of one's foot, and plunged at me with his knife, but I broke his arm with a blow of my hatchet and his knife dropped from his fingers. He threw me off with a mighty effort, avoiding the blow I had aimed at his head, and seizing his knife in his other hand, came toward me with a lunge like that of a wounded panther. I dodged him with a spring, though the point of his knife laid open a cut in my shoulder. Before he could turn to

rush upon me again, I heard the report of a pistol, and Onontigo standing unsteadily for a moment, sank down with blood streaming over his face.

The shot had been fired by Kenjockety, one of Hiokoto's band, who had come up opportunely, for while I have always believed that I should have succeeded in killing Onontigo with my hatchet had he leaped toward me the second time, there is ever the possibility of failure — and failure at that moment would have meant my own death.

Kenjockety and I ran to our leader and lifted him to our shoulders. Dead or alive, he must not be permitted to remain where he was, for the night that was coming would bring horrors more terrible still than those of the day that was now fading. Already the yelping of wolves could be heard upon the distant hills, and by early nightfall they would begin their fearful work. The body of my brother, whom I loved, and the leader whom Kenjockety both feared and loved, should not be left where it would fall prey to the gathering packs when they came to feast as they had never feasted before.

Hiokoto revived to some extent before we

came to our camp at Stanwix. The blade of the hatchet thrown by Onontigo fortunately did not strike the Hawk, else it would have cloven his skull. As it was, there was severe concussion and unconsciousness, but before the British broke camp and retired to Oswego and the Indians started on the return to their homes, leaving more than half a hundred dead, Hiokoto had so far recovered that he could sit in a canoe. With Kenjockety and I to paddle the craft, we slowly made our way over the water route, and came in time to Seneca Castle.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE NEW QUEEN

EVEN in the few weeks we had been absent upon the campaign at Oriskany, I observed on our return a marked change in Constance and her standing in the village. When we went away, she had just begun to realise that she had some power over the Indian women. She saw that they were coming to look upon her as a superior being — which, indeed, she was — and as one gifted with great wisdom. One thing that aided this was the readiness she displayed in acquiring the language, for within four weeks after her arrival at Seneca Castle, she was able to talk the Seneca tongue with little difficulty. She had a natural talent for drawing, and with bits of charcoal, or with the dyes that were made from barks and roots, she sketched upon wood or skin a large number of figures, even going so far as to paint the pictures of some of our principal chiefs. I

have seen her sit by the hour at this work, while crowded around back of her, never speaking a word but looking on in open-mouthed astonishment, would be a half-hundred men and women, watching each movement of her pretty hands as the picture slowly grew under her efforts.

The girl was flattered by these attentions, as she was proud of her growing power, and instead of repining and mourning over the fact that she was a captive, she set about the task of making them all captives to her own sweet self, and very cleverly she succeeded in doing so up to a certain degree. Beyond that, she was still the captive, and would so remain for years if she continued among them.

Constance and I had many opportunities to talk together, though we were seldom alone. Some of the women or girls were ever on hand, but few of them understood more than a dozen words of English, and thus we might converse freely. Our conversation generally turned to the subject of escape, and we discussed the chance many anxious hours.

Constance finally persuaded me that when the time came for us to escape, we would be most certain of success by going in a general direction

toward the south, following the route over which we had been brought to the Cayuga village, and coming at last to a great river called the Susquehanna. This, she said, would take us to a white settlement known as Wyoming, where she believed that she still had some distant relatives.

It was well along in the autumn when we returned from Oriskany, and Constance and I saw no prospect of making a successful attempt to escape before the next summer, as the rigours of the fall or winter would forbid the open life in the woods for Constance, should we succeed in getting clear of the Senecas.

After a time, I began to wonder why I was so anxious to get Constance away from Seneca Castle and accompany her. I had come thoroughly to love the Indian life. We had all that was necessary to make life happy. There were many orchards of apples, cherries and other fruits, and wild grapes, berries, apricots and plums, grew in abundance. Vast fields of corn, beans, squash, and other vegetables and grains, stretched away from every village to the edge of the distant forests. Game filled the woods wherever one might go, and was an ever ready means to feed and clothe the hunter and his fam-

ily. If he tired of the chase, he might idle along the streams,— everywhere gushing forth from the hillsides and never without a supply of water in the hottest weather — snaring with infinite skill the fish that sported in the waters in abundance.

Moreover, I had come to look upon the white settlers as interlopers who had come to rob us of our lands; to cheat and defraud us in trade; to teach us deception and falsehood; to shamefully abuse our hospitality and sadden our homes; to bring among us the strong waters that took away our senses and rendered us unfit for the Great Spirit to look upon. I could not see why they could not let the Indians alone, to live as they had been taught for generations, and I wondered how the whites would regard such an invasion of their country. I even justified to myself the raids that different bands of Indians were making from time to time upon the distant settlements; and I was led to this frame of mind by the repeated counsel of the British who came among us.

Also, there were some white men who occasionally came to the Indians in company with the British officers, and who did much toward prej-

udicing us against the settlers. They were called Tories, and were themselves settlers; but they held allegiance to the British king. Often I have heard them tell of plans that settlers were making to destroy the Indians by poison, by pestilence or witchcraft, or by fire and sword, if they were left unmolested until they should become strong enough to do so.

No wonder that I came to fear and mistrust the settlers; and if I, who was the son of one of the settlers, would come to feel thus, is it a matter for surprise that the red men themselves, hearing these charges against the whites by people of the white race, came to hate those whom I feared and mistrusted?

And seeing all of this, and feeling all of this, why was it that I wished to take the Water Lily away to the settlements, where I would be compelled to mingle with the bitter, deadly enemies of those whom I loved?

I had to confess the reason to myself after a time.

Hiokoto, my brother, my friend, my constant companion — the one who would give his life in an instant for me, and the one for whom I would consider no hardship or danger too great

to undergo — Hiokoto was in love with the Water Lily!

I tried not see it. I endeavoured to make myself believe that I was mistaken; but the truth would not down, for if I stifled it for one day, it would thrust itself upon me with greater force than ever the next.

Now, I must here confess boldly what my readers have no doubt surmised, that I loved Constance Leonard myself, and it has been my observation that when a man loves a woman, he is seldom unselfish enough to give her up to another man, no matter how deeply he may love that man. Also, this I knew, that so long as I remained among the Senecas I could not take Constance for my wife. In the first place, I had forestalled that by claiming her as my sister; and in the next place the Indians did not permit their captives to marry each other, no more than members of the same clan might marry. In many instances white men married Indian women, and white women married Indian men, living happily with them all their lives; but there was no case among the Iroquois where white captives married and continued in the Indian country.

If I would wed this beautiful girl, therefore, whom I loved the first moment I looked upon her, I must take her first to her own people. The difficulty lay in doing this before it should be too late.

There had been frosts and a light fall of snow, but the sun had again come out warm and the air was smoky and languid. It was a time when we hunted much, the meat being cured for winter, and when the old and young searched far and wide for nuts. I was bearing home a heavy buck that I had killed, when I came upon Constance and several women in a chestnut grove.

"Little sister," I said when I had drawn her aside from the others, "I am going to tell you something, and then ask you a question."

She looked up quietly, the blood mantling her cheeks, for I think she guessed from my manner half of what was coming; but she said nothing.

"What I have to tell you, you may already know — the Hawk loves you and wishes to make you his wife."

She caught her breath quickly, but I saw her hands clench and the blood leave her cheeks.

"Hiokoto?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"Has he told you, Henry?"

"No, that isn't the Indian way. I have read it in his face. Haven't you noticed how he follows you constantly with his eyes?"

"Yes, I have seen it — and feared. What am I to do, Henry? Of course, he is a noble fellow — the best of all the Indians, because, no doubt, he has been so much with you. But I never could love him, or marry him."

I answered: "Let me first ask you the question as I told you I should. Little sister, could you love me?"

Then the blood came mantling back to her cheeks again, and she turned her glance away and looked out on the haze of the valley below us.

Finally she answered: "I do love you, Henry — more than I should."

"No, not more than you should, little sister."

"I am afraid so; for if you and I cannot get away from these terrible people, I shall be unhappy all my life."

"We must get away."

"But how? Henry, dear, there seems to be no way to escape them, for me, at least. They are kindness itself, and lately they do not permit

me to do any of the work that they required of me at first. They obey me in everything, and look upon all I do as though they thought I was some grand ruler whom they must serve and care for at all times. And yet, they are always at my side, or in front of me, or following on; and if there is anything happening in the village which they think I should not see, or if visitors come here from the British lines or elsewhere, as you know, I am penned up in kindness, and kept in on one pretext or another. I could no more get away from them than I could jump over the tree tops."

"You can do it, little sister, but you must have patience and work with care toward the end."

"How may I do this?"

"They treat you almost as their queen," I answered, "and you have enjoyed the novelty and have let it drift rapidly along in that direction. Keep to the same track. Make them your subjects in truth. Rule them in everything. They love authority and an imperious manner in anyone, and their chief delight is in ceremony and mummery. If you set up a court and seize the reins of leadership that are within your reach, you may command whatever you wish with the knowledge that you will be obeyed, for they will

fear that refusal would bring them the ill luck which they are always struggling to avoid."

"I have been doing something of that kind," she replied with a smile, "but it makes them crowd around me all the more. Instead of one girl sleeping by the side of my couch each night, I now have four maids of honour, and they are all awake upon my slightest movement."

"Oh, but you have not gone far enough with them," I told her. "Be a queen in earnest — cross, fretful and hard to please at times; smiling, pleasant and gracious the next moment — but always firm in your commands, and a spitfire if you are not at once obeyed. And above all, adopt some form of mystery. Keep them wondering and fearful as to what you may do. No matter how foolish or extravagant it is, if you can do something the Seneca women can't understand, you will have them at your feet."

"Would it — Henry, if I did this, would it help me to keep Hiokoto from compelling me to become his wife?"

"Oh, I don't think you have that to fear from my brother," I hastened to assure her. "He will some day come to me and offer me his traps, a lot of beaver skins, perhaps his head-dress of

porcupine quills and feathers, and whatever else he has that has cost him the most work, if I will give him my sister. If you remained as you are, simply a captive of mine, I should have to trade you to him, and if he did not offer enough at first, I would demand more and more until he was impoverished. By the customs and tribal laws, I could not refuse to surrender you to him. But once you became a queen, a mystic who talks with the Great Spirit, a person who has discovered some wonder, or one who has received a gift from the spirits that are ever present in the forests, then I cannot sell you to Hiokoto, for I am become your subject, and like the Hawk, and perhaps a score of other young braves, must worship you at a distance."

"Can you never come and talk with me when I am a queen, Henry?" she asked quickly. "Will not the fact that I am your sister make it possible for you to see me whenever you wish?"

"I can bring you an offering of game, fruit, or anything of that nature, and you can then talk with me."

"It is imposture and deceit, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, and I know you hate it as I do," was my

"My knight-errant," she almost whispered.

reply. "But there seems no other way out of our difficulty. Either you make yourself the queen that they are trying to discover in you, or I fear it must come to an issue of life and death between Hiokoto and Dundiswa. I could not live and see you the wife of anyone else, be he Indian or white."

"Nor would I care to live and be the wife of another," answered the Water Lily.

I wanted to take her in my arms then and there, but within a few paces from us were a score or more of women and girls, who, while they might not understand the white man's way of making love, would doubtless consider it a proceeding of enough importance to report in the village. So I knelt at her feet, and she took one of the arrows from my quiver and touched me upon the cheek with the point of the flint.

"My knight errant," she almost whispered.

"My queen," I replied as I rose to my feet.

I took the arrow from her hand, and wrapping it carefully in the skirt of my hunting coat, walked slowly away, keeping my eyes on the ground. The Indian women looked on in wonderment. An incantation or charm had been practised by this beautiful creature from the

sun before their eyes, and the next moment I might fly away over the trees, or sink into the earth.

Their new queen had forged another link in the chain that bound them to her — and in the chain that bound me as well.

## CHAPTER XXV

### A SURPRISING RETURN

DAY by day as the fall and winter progressed, Constance strengthened her position with the Indian women, and she did this without any large employment of deceit. Her talent to sketch aided her greatly, for both men and women believed that one who could thus reproduce persons or scenes must be closely allied to the Great Spirit. The ceremony with which she soon surrounded her work, the careful pains that she took in compounding colours from the natural dye stuffs with which the women provided her, and the slow, painstaking manner in which she wrought, deeply impressed them, and daily raised her in their estimation. There soon arose considerable rivalry as to who might possess pieces of bark, squares of deerskin, or other substances upon which the Water Lily had spread her colours, and she laughingly told me one day that if she should retain half the presents of-

fered her, she would soon have no place for her couch in her apartment.

One must always accept a present from an Indian even though it be returned the next moment. The Indian offers you his home, his robe, his wife or his children, the very last morsel of food he may have in his game bag, his hatchet, or the most dearly-prized of all possessions, his knife. You know that it would impoverish him, make him suffer in body or mind if you should accept the gift and retain it, but you would gain his everlasting enmity if you declined the gift with thanks. So you accept it with a grave bow, and take the gift into your possession. In a few moments you arise, and taking the giver by the hand, lead him forward to the gift and place it in his hands. "My brother is welcome," you say. "If he will accept the gift, we will smoke and ever be friends." If you have something to present him, you then add it to his gift, and he goes away contented.

I had explained this to Constance when she first came to the village, along with many other customs, and so she was able to make wise and careful distribution of her gaudy colours without causing offence. Indian mothers are pas-

sionately fond of their children, especially when they are young and helpless, and so whenever the Water Lily's good spirits helped her to make the picture of one of the little Seneca babies and she would, after days of patient work, turn the sketch over to the child's mother, immediately her reputation was added to and her importance increased.

Before the winter was half over, she was consulted by men and women upon almost all subjects pertaining to their lives. I had warned her, when this commenced, to make answer to no questions that might be asked her about raids upon white settlements or assistance to the British, as I foresaw complications that might cause her trouble if she once took part in these matters. She gained a name as possessing wisdom, early in the fall, when some young hunters took her a present of game and asked her where they might go the next day and find deer.

"My brothers will find no deer on the morrow," she replied. "If they go forth, they will return empty handed. The third sun they will find deer if they search diligently."

The young hunters thought to test this new queen, who was so much unlike any being they

had ever seen before, and so they went away early the next morning. They hunted faithfully all day, but came upon no deer. Instead, when returning at night, they suddenly came upon two large black bears and three cubs. The old animals set upon them ferociously and one of the men was quite badly wounded. The third day, the remaining members of the party went out and succeeded in capturing two fine deer and many pigeons.

But while my pretty Constance was practising her innocent deceptions and wiles, and was daily becoming more and more the little tyrant and enjoying it all the time — for I think all women, either old or young, love power and admiration — sterner things were taking place. That was the winter of 1777 and 1778, and deputations from the Iroquois were constantly going to Niagara for consultation with the British and with each other. This was a long journey in the winter, and the stay at Niagara generally lasted over a week. Then the messengers would return and there would be several days of conference at home, followed, no doubt, by another trip to Niagara or to one of the other tribes. Most of the Mohawks were at Niagara, though

some were across the great lakes in Canada. The Onondagas and the Cayugas were still in their own country, and with the Oneidas we held no council.

The attack upon Stanwix having failed, and the effort to dislodge the rebels from that point being considered too hazardous — as the rebels had been greatly reinforced — the British plan was that a swift descent be made in the early spring upon the settlements along the Susquehanna River. There were several towns that might easily be destroyed, it was said, and the way thus opened to the seat of the rebel government itself at Philadelphia. Chief among these towns was a place known as Wyoming, where were several forts. The Indians, with the disastrous results at Stanwix fresh in mind, would not enter the campaign without first having carefully reconnoitred the entire country, and further, they must have assurances that their chiefs should have equal voice with the British commanders in the plans for an attack.

Hiokoto and his young men were kept constantly employed. We had been twice to Niagara; once to the Mohawk encampment in Canada; once to the Onondaga Castle, and once al-

most to the very doors of the forts and village of Wyoming that we were planning to attack. On some of these expeditions, we had accompanied the older chiefs as a retinue, and on others we had been sent to "carry the talk" from one point to another.

The time of the shortest day had passed, and our old men to whom was entrusted this duty, were telling us with happiness in their eyes and voices, that the smiling face of the Great Spirit had turned again toward his people and was coming to cheer and warm them. Faithfully they watched for every glimpse of sunlight, and by marks which they set up in the snow, showing where the shadows of certain trees fell from day to day, they knew to an exactness that was marvellous just how rapidly the season was advancing.

We had returned from Niagara one afternoon, and the drum had sounded a council, which was held in winter in a large house near the centre of the village. The pipe had been passed and Hiokoto stood in the centre of the ring of grave listeners, repeating the words that had been given us by the chiefs at Niagara. He spoke slowly and very carefully, and at the close of each

instruction or subject, we who accompanied him added our testimony. "It is so, our brothers. These are the words of Thayendenaga," or of whatever chief had sent the message.

As Hiokoto spoke, there strode quickly from the dark entrance, four men, and when they came to the circle of light and quietly took their places in the council, I saw that the leader was Onontigo, the Beaver.

I glanced in alarm at Hiokoto, but not a muscle changed in his face, nor did his voice alter in tone or firmness.

Kinjocoty, however, who stood next beside me, trembled visibly, no doubt believing that he was looking upon an apparition, for until that instant we had believed that the shot Kinjocoty fired upon the Beaver had been a fatal one.

Hiokoto paused, and the pipe bearer took his sacred instrument to the new arrivals. When they had inhaled the tobacco and each had drawn a few puffs, the Hawk commenced his recital at the beginning, as was ever the custom when a council was interrupted by late comers.

When Hiokoto had concluded his message, he sat down, and after a respectful time, one of the chiefs arose and said:

"Our young men have done well to bring us the words of our brothers at Niagara, and we thank them. They have come far and are weary, for the white blanket is heavy upon the trail. We will ask them to rest and eat. They then will tell us what they learned among the British."

Turning to Onontigo the chief continued: "Our brothers of the Cayuga nation, you are welcome to our council. Your way has been long and hard, and we will ask you to rest and eat before we hear your words. My brothers, I have spoken."

This was as much as to say that the council would be opened in the morning, after we had rested and eaten. Within a few moments the council house was deserted. Where Onontigo and his comrades went, I did not attempt to discover. They had the privilege and right to enter any of the long houses and make themselves entirely at home, and that being a universal custom, no invitation was ever extended. Where all had the same accommodations and food, there was no advantage, and apparently the only thing that entered into the choice was the matter of clanship.

Before I went to my couch, I sought a moment alone with Hiokoto.

"The bullet of Kinjocoty was false," I said.

"Hiokoto is satisfied that it is so," he replied calmly.

"Onontigo is a coward," I continued, "for he attempted to murder Hiokoto whom he would not meet openly in contest. Dundiswa has felt the weight of his hand, and the stroke of his whip; the Scarred Cheek has treated the White Seneca like a dog, and the scar of his knife burns with indignation upon the shoulder of Hiokoto's brother. When the council has been closed, Dundiswa will call the Beaver to account for his treachery."

The Hawk made no reply for several moments, and I thought that he was calculating the chances of a "duel to the death" between Scarred Cheek and myself. It was, of course, his first right to attempt the infliction of such punishment as he might be able to give upon the man who had murderously attacked him, but when I expressed my intention of settling with the Beaver for my own wrongs, the Hawk was plainly astonished. It would be a high mark of honour for one to seek satisfaction after this

manner, and a badge of cowardice would be raised against the one who permitted injury or insult to go unpunished. Hiokoto carefully weighed the question as to which of the two had received the greater indignities at the hands of Onontigo. At length he spoke:

"It is my brother's right, but Hiokoto would take his brother's place. Onontigo is older than my brother, and all his life has been spent in the games that have taught him strength and cunning. My brother has done well, but he is not the equal to Onontigo."

Though I must admit this was true, I felt my indignation rising, and I offered a warm protest. Hiokoto heard me patiently, and appeared to find pride in my boast that I could kill the Beaver in a fair fight with any weapon of Indian make. He shook his head, however; it was decided, so far as he was concerned, and no argument of mine could bring him to change his decision. Before we parted, I asked Hiokoto if he would take the present occasion to call Scarred Cheek to an account for his treachery.

"The Hawk chooses its own time when it shall strike its prey," was his reply.

When we entered the long house, I observed

that Hiokoto took his robe and spreading it in front of the skins that partitioned off the compartment occupied by our queen, rolled up in it as if asleep. However, I had no doubt that he was as watchful as a lynx throughout the night; and I kept him company, for all the long winter night my eyes were upon the fire, attempting to read in the glowing coals the solution of the problems that now pressed around me deeper than ever. In the return of the Beaver I saw confronting plans made by Constance and me a greater danger than before existed. Doubtless he knew something of her position among the Senecas, and he may have suspected my love for the girl that he had marked as his own. Bold and unscrupulous beyond belief, cunning and impudent, revengeful and treacherous, he was a foe to be feared.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### I MAKE A PROMISE

EITHER from my father or my mother I must have inherited the disposition promptly to meet a disagreeable situation and have it over as soon as possible. It was not the result of Indian training, for they ever seemed to delight in long delay and contemplation of everything, whether the promise was one of pleasure or of pain. Following out this inherited trait — of which, by the way, I am quite proud — I made up my mind that if the thing were possible I would on the morrow in some manner provoke Onontigo to an open rupture, and that I would fight him to the finish, whether it were pleasing to Hiokoto or not. I could not longer rest with the Beaver's shadow in my life. I would not wish to leave the village again, and Constance unprotected, and I could invent no excuse for remaining if my chief and his companions were called upon to depart. Constance might be in the

gravest danger, once I was absent, for the Indian mind is fickle, and a bold claim to the captive put forth by Onontigo might not be met by a single word of remonstrance.

I planned exactly how I should provoke him, and once the challenge given, no one would interfere with us. In one way or another, I felt that the issue would soon be decided, and I must confess I had some satisfaction in the thought that should the Beaver prevail over me, he would still have to deal with the Hawk.

But when the morrow came, we were surprised to note the absence of Onontigo and his companions from the council. Disregarding the custom to remain until a matter under discussion was closed and the council was concluded, the Cayugas and their chief had walked away from the village during the morning without making any explanation of their course.

The next day, finding a favourable opportunity, I succeeded in getting Hiokoto to tell me what he thought of the Beaver's visit. He said that in all the villages the fame of our young queen was spreading, for people were frequently going from one village to another and there was always more or less talk. Something had come

to the Beaver's ears, and surmising that the new wonder had once been his captive, he had made a visit to the village to find out. Some of his clansmen or relatives had given him the information desired, and it not being to his mind just at this present time to engage in a quarrel, which he must have known would come, he had departed when he learned all that he desired to know.

Hiokoto, ever fertile in plans, suggested that we at once set to work to fortify the Water Lily's position with our people, and he clearly had warrant for the course he proposed to pursue. We were to circulate the story that the Cayugas were endeavouring to take our queen away from the Senecas. They had heard of her wisdom and beauty and had been told that she had all the good spirits at her command, and the Cayugas were intending to steal her, thus insuring that prosperity and good luck should come to them, as it surely would to the Senecas if they kept her.

The superstition and jealousy of our people being thus aroused, we could go upon any excursion without fear that Onontigo would seize upon our flower during our absence.

This was not a difficult thing to do, but I noted

with some alarm that while it made Constance reasonably safe from captivity at the hands of Onontigo, it also greatly increased the difficulties confronting me in my determination to get her away from the Indian country. We held many whispered conferences over this, and at times were on the verge of complete discouragement.

The early summer of 1778 saw great activity among the Indians. Butler, the British commander at Niagara, moved forward with his forces and supplies to Seneca Castle, and a general council was held, lasting several days. There were about four hundred of the British and those whom the rebels called Tories, but whom we supposed were the obedient children of the English king.

Scouting parties had been abroad at intervals since early spring and we knew the location of all the settlements, how many men were at home, what arms they had and what means existed for securing help from other places. Wyoming was the place at which we aimed, with smaller settlements and detached clearings intervening and in the vicinity. Wyoming had greatly offended the English. Though a frontier place, it had

sent two companies of men to fight in the rebel lines, when it should have remained neutral. It must be punished — it must be swept off the face of the earth.

It was decided that our forces should move eastward to our long lakes, then crossing into the valley of the Chenango, proceed to Tioga, whence we would move into the Susquehanna Valley and could fall upon our prey at leisure. The command of the Indians fell upon our great chief,Gi-en-gwah-toh. (He-who-goes-in-smoke.) Although the plans for the campaign were made by Brant, and Captain Butler, the former had important matters to attend to in the vicinity of Albany, and was to join us later.

So, in time, after our dances had been held, the expedition moved through the Cayuga country, over the lake upon which I had made the attempt to escape with Constance, and on to the south. Before we left Seneca Castle, I secured a long talk with Constance. There were friends of her father's family in Wyoming, and distant relations of her mother. She gave me their names, and made an effort to describe where they lived, hoping that I might in some way render them assistance, protect them from death, or at

least give them warning of the approach of the danger that threatened all within the valley. I had little hope of being able to do this, and my dear girl knew well that I might be powerless to aid them; still, it comforted her to know that I would make the attempt. There was not need for me to tell her that I would not raise my hand against the whites — though I must confess I thoroughly believed the rebels were in the wrong, as did all the Indians — but she knew that I must go along to serve as scout, as guide, as sentry, as messenger, or in whatever capacity I was commanded. If there were a battle, I must engage in it, but if the village should fall — as we knew it would — I should not enter the sack and massacre.

"Dear Constance," I whispered, "when I went away to Oriskany, you spoke of a fear that I might not return. Now, my sister, I am going to speak of it, for I may not come again to Seneca Castle."

We had been talking about the chance of victory or defeat, and when I said this, Contance caught hold of my arm and turned pale.

"Not return, Henry! Not come back when I am here?"

"No, little queen," I said, feeling it better to have her fully prepared. "The rebels are stout fighters. Remember how many of our braves were killed at Oriskany. There may be more killed at Wyoming, and I may be among them."

She held me still more firmly and whispered that she would pray for me, that I must keep out of danger if possible, that I must come back to her.

"But, dear Water Lily, I may be taken prisoner, and the rebels may either shoot me or send me away to one of their prisons where they would keep me for months."

"Oh, if you are taken prisoner, Henry, you can prove to them that you are white and have been a captive and had no choice but to fight against them. Then you can tell them about me — a queen of the Senecas, yet held a prisoner so closely that she is never out of their sight. You can tell them of Wah-o-me, the Water Lily whom you love; of O-show-se-quah the Yellow Leaves, of whose beauty you have so often whispered to me, and you can make them raise an army which you will lead to Seneca Castle and take me thence. Would you not do that, Henry, if you were taken prisoner?"

"Yes, Constance, I would tell them, and I would try to make them give me an army to come after you, for I see no other chance of getting you away from here."

"Then I hope you may be taken prisoner," she declared, clapping her hands. She saddened an instant. "You would not forget, Henry — you would not forget me, and stay with the white people, would you?"

"No, little Water Lily, I will never forget. I will come for you as surely as I live. I could not be happy an hour and think that I had not done something in that time toward securing your freedom. The Indians have taught me that if a warrior dies in battle, his spirit has the privilege of paying a visit to his dearest friend or relative before it takes up the journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. If I die at Wyoming, then you shall see my spirit, if it be as the old men teach. If I do not die, I will come back for the Yellow Leaves, my loved Water Lily; and of this you may never doubt."

I went away from Constance then and did not again see her alone before our departure; but when I left the long house in the morning, I discovered lying in front of the entrance to her

compartment the ceremonial head-dress of Hiokoto — a valuable production of his patient handiwork, formed of rare plumage, quills, beadwork and fringe of animal claws. It was a mute witness that he had thus cast his pride, his insignia, his chieftainship and everything he possessed at the feet of the fair queen within.

I saw it there, and, unobserved, could have taken it away and concealed it, but I left it lying there, for I could not take unfair advantage of so honourable a rival.

# CHAPTER XXVII

## WYOMING

No more foolhardy act of bravery was ever shown in the border wars of our country than when the old men and boys of Wyoming marched out of Fort Forty to give battle to the British, the Indians, and the Tories who were descending upon them. Herkimer's advance through the forests of Oriskany for the relief of Stanwix, without scouts or an advance line to beat up the trail and discover possible ambush, was the result of a quarrel between Herkimer and his subordinate officers in which his loyalty had been questioned. Exasperated beyond endurance by their insinuations, the old general had behaved very like a boy whose companions "dare" him to do something that he knows is wrong, and who, finally, flings off his coat and commits the act, no matter what the consequence.

At Wyoming, the circumstances were entirely

different. The settlers were entrenched in a very substantial stockade, well supplied with food, and might have made long resistance — even holding out until relief should reach them from other places. However, they unwisely decided to march with a greatly inferior force against the approaching foe, leaving the women and children unprotected in the fort. When their pitiful army was flanked, surrounded and cut to pieces, as soon happened, massacre followed. Had they taken refuge in the fort and after resisting several days been compelled to surrender, it is not at all probable that anything worse than plunder would have ensued. The Indians would not have been inflamed with the excitement of battle, the groans of the dying, the clash of arms, the flow of blood, the intoxication of strife and the frenzy of hand-to-hand conflict. They would have regarded a surrender as a rather tame affair, and would have been satisfied to have sacked the place, set fire to the houses and fortifications and laid waste to the valley, permitting the inhabitants to make their way as best they could to other settlements.

We knew the strength of the forces at Wyoming, for we had scouted the country carefully,

and when word was brought to camp that they were issuing from the fort with the evident intention of meeting us in battle, we could scarce believe the message. We watched their advance much as the trapper might watch the hare leaping toward his snares, yet with admiration for the bravery of those who came. Our commanders were even indifferent as to how our lines were disposed, for they knew that the little handful of brave men who were approaching were doomed to annihilation, now that they had come forth.

The settlers fired the first volley — and then the torrent let loose. Only a short time passed before we were flanking them; and with this they broke and ran. What followed then has been told with so much detail in song and history that it need not be repeated here. Of the three hundred who had marched out against us, more than one hundred and sixty were slain that afternoon or night in one way or another. Those who escaped did so by reaching the fort, by hiding in the woods, or by swimming across the river.

As though divining my thoughts, several days before the battle and massacre at Wyoming, Hiokoto had transferred me to Captain Butler's staff

as a scout and orderly, and during the brief battle and that which followed, I was able to keep near our commander and practically away from the scenes of slaughter. This, too, I know to be true — not nearly all of the Indians participated in the cruelties and tortures that were inflicted that night. In every community of white people there are certain men who are more violent in character and manner than others, and who, if there be any disturbance, are always engaged in it in some way or another. This is equally true of the Indians, and there were numbers of our people who were satisfied when they saw the issue of battle with us and they had pursued the enemy as long as his forces kept in any semblance of formation. When the lines were broken and it became simply individual pursuit, capture and murder, the less violent of the Indians returned to camp and prepared a feast in celebration of the victory. They knew that the fort must now fall with scarcely a day's resistance, and they were contemplating rich spoils to carry to their northern homes.

I found Hiokoto among these men, as I expected. I did not believe that he would engage in the massacre of those who were no longer

able to defend themselves, and he did not. True, he had taken scalps during the day, but he took them upon the battlefield. Also, I knew that he would have fought upon that field until the last drop of blood remained in his veins — fought until his foe surrendered. But when surrender came, the Hawk would not visit vengeance upon the helpless.

We talked together, as was our custom, after we had eaten, resting from the intense heat and excitement of the day. I told him that Captain Butler deeply regretted that the battle had turned to massacre. He would have preferred to let the fugitives from the battlefield take refuge in the fort, and then he would capture them all and send them to Niagara as prisoners of war.

"Too much blood has been shed, my brother," said the Hawk. "It would be better if Butler could have his way; but the red men are drunk with their victory."

"I did not think Gi-en-gwah-toh would give them the word," said I, "and turn them loose upon these defenceless people."

"Gi-en-gwah-toh could no more prevent it than can Butler," answered Hiokoto. "After

we had pursued the rebels some distance, when they were scattered and running like the chickens of the partridge, the chief gave the signal to recall the warriors. Those who obeyed are in the camp," and Hiokoto waved his hand around upon the few who were attending to the wounded or who had rolled out upon their blankets to rest from the excitement of the day.

Frequently there was borne to us upon the air the distant screams of victims who were undergoing torture at some of the many places where torture was being carried on, and with these screams of pain and terror were mingled the shouts of derision that arose from the cruel tormentors when they succeeded in compelling a prisoner to cry out for mercy, but to a source from which mercy seldom came.

As the night deepened, the air was heavy with these sounds, and the valley was lighted up with a dozen fires to which rushed all the spirits of evil, who urged the red men to commit the fearful deeds that will for centuries be associated with the name of Wyoming.

At length, I could no longer remain quiet, and I leaped to my feet.

" I cannot lie here in comfort," I declared, as

I hastily bestowed my arms in my belt, "when my people are being murdered by scores."

Hiokoto laid his hand on my shoulder. "The White Seneca cannot stop it," he said quietly. "The British Captain and all his soldiers could not stop the Indians now."

"I know that, my brother," I answered, now ready to move away; "but I am going out to scout around their fires, and it may be that I may come upon some prisoner bound, but unguarded while they torture another, whom I can release. If I save the life of one man or woman, I shall believe I have done something."

I started away at this, but I did not go alone, for Hiokoto, silent as a shadow, glided out of the ring of light cast by our fire and into the murky darkness just behind me.

# CHAPTER XXVIII

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE CLEARING

WE had succeeded in releasing two prisoners, for there were so many of them that the Indians after binding them, left them lying on the ground until another victim was wanted for the post. One of those whom we had set free was an old man who had been wounded in the foot, and whom we assisted to a thick clump of bushes near a little stream. The other was a boy, to whom I crept and cut his bonds, whispering to him to roll cautiously over as opportunity offered, until he was in the deeper shadows, when he could dart away in the bushes.

Also, we came upon a man and a woman who held a baby to her breast. They were in some tall swamp grass, and thinking we were hostile, the man sprang up to fight us. We calmed him in a moment by assurances of friendship and then helped them to the line of British sentries that had been thrown about the fort. Explaining to the soldier on guard that we were trying

to save the fugitives from slaughter, the man and woman with their baby were passed through to the stockade.

Daylight was breaking; the torture fires had burned down; the warriors, exhausted by their orgies, were sleeping in close proximity to the blackened and mangled remains of their victims. I could not look upon these scenes without a feeling of horror, and Hiokoto had turned to the right and was leading the way back to our camp at Wintermoot's, the Tory.

Suddenly, from a small clearing just ahead of us, the scream of a woman in terror rose upon the air and echoed through the grove. For an instant we stood immovable, and then, leaping past Hiokoto, I dashed ahead with all speed into the clearing. I paused at the edge, not a hundred feet from the smoking ruins of a settler's cabin, from behind which I saw an Indian dragging by the hair of the head a young woman, and laughing at her terror as he swung a tomahawk in front of her face. Back of them, as though just pulled from underneath the half-fallen log wall of the ruined cabin, an older woman struggled in the arms of two Indians, fighting them with the ferocity of a tigress.

The Indian upon whom my eyes first rested was Onontigo, the Beaver; and the girl whom he led was my sister Electa!

The woman, fighting there against such fearful odds to save her daughter, was my mother!

I neither spoke nor uttered a sound, but a great wave of anger surged up from my heart and I felt a mighty strength shoot through my body. Running close to the ground with every nerve tense for a spring upon the Beaver, I somehow sensed the fact that Hiokoto was gliding with the speed of a blacksnake upon the men who strove with my mother, and I knew that my task was cut out for me and was at hand.

Onontigo saw me just as I rose to spring upon him, and with all the fury and venom of his devilish nature, he aimed a deadly blow at Electa's head. She saw his purpose before she knew that help was at hand, and with that splendid bravery that characterised her all through life, she rushed in upon the man so quickly and with such force, that his blow overreached and he was nearly thrown from his feet. In that instant, I came upon him, tearing my sister from his hold and wrenching his hatchet from his hand as easily as though they had been held in

the light grasp of a child. But his knife flashed from his belt and cut the air close to my eyes ere I could strike him, and then he bounded back, knife in hand, to watch his opportunity for a surer thrust. I drew my knife at the same moment, and we circled, with eyes never wavering from each other, watching for the instant when one might catch the other off guard for the smallest fraction of a second, and then spring forward and strike. Twice Onontigo feinted, hoping to disturb me or distract my attention; but he found me firm. Then, remembering a trick taught me by Hiokoto, I pretended to stumble, and the Beaver leaped forward on the instant as I had expected. Before he could reach me, however, I had sprung backward and warded his blow with such a powerful thrust that I broke down his guard and cut him deeply on the shoulder as my knife flashed back.

Angered to madness by the pain, and probably realising that whatever he might do must be done quickly, Onontigo closed in upon me, and it was thrust and parry, flash upon flash, from that time on. With a fortunate parry and a quick in-pull, he wrenched my knife from my hand, but in the same instant I caught his wrist in a grasp that

he could not loosen — else I never would have written this tale.

Men fighting at close range with hunting knives do not wait for the niceties of a combat that is hedged about by rules, and I had no sooner clasped my hand around Onontigo's wrist than I gave a mighty wrench, twisting him down under me until he came nearly to the ground. His other arm was useless, for my lucky stroke had cut some of the tendons and he could no longer raise it. But the Beaver did not yield, though he saw that his fight was lost. Time after time he struggled back, almost gaining his freedom and taxing my strength to the utmost. He attempted to trip me, to lunge against me with sudden force and throw me from my feet, to slip quickly under me and thus loosen my hold, to break my grip by whirling his back against my breast and beating me off with backward jerks of his head.

But I held him as a vise, and so tightly did the muscles of my hand lock around his wrist that at length I felt his hot blood spurting over my fingers where I had crushed the flesh and torn the veins asunder by my grip.

With a last tremendous effort, Onontigo turned his arm until he held the point of his

knife toward his body. Then with a strength that I could not withstand, and with a shout of triumph, he fell forward upon the glistening blade, pulling me down upon him in a heap, and lying there — victorious, though beaten!

His enemy had not given him his death blow. He went out on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds with a smile of satisfaction upon his lips.

A strong hand raised me from the body of the prostrate Onontigo and Hiokoto's anxious face asked the question that his lips did not frame.

"No, my brother, I am not wounded," I told him between the breaths, coming hot and fast. "Where is my mother?"

A momentary flash of surprise came to Hiokoto's eyes, and then as quickly passed away as he pointed toward the ruins of the cabin.

"The white women are there," he answered me.

I went forward and found them behind the smoking logs, clasped in each other's arms, and not yet knowing into whose hands they had fallen, shrinking back when they saw me stalking toward them, painted as a savage and stained with the blood of the Beaver.

"Mother! Electa! Don't you know me?"

My mother raised her head and gazed in open-mouthed astonishment. My sister clung to her with the fright of one who might hear a voice from the dead.

"Don't you know me, mother?" I repeated.

"O Merciful God! It is Henry!" she moaned, reaching out her arms; but before I could come to her side, she sank to the ground in a swoon.

"Henry! my brother!"

"Aye, sister, dear!" and I caught her in a quick embrace.

It was for a moment only, for without words we turned our attention to the mother, deeply anxious lest her great and sudden joy had killed her. Happily, she soon recovered and was pouring out a torrent of endearments mingled with inquiries, when Hiokoto appeared and beckoned me aside. He feared that if we remained where we were we might be discovered, as the little clearing was not far distant from the valley road, and straggling parties, looking for prisoners or plunder, might come upon us at any moment.

For the first time after darting forward to release my sister from Onontigo, I bethought me of

the two Cayugas with whom my mother had been struggling, and asked Hiokoto what had become of them.

"With Scarred Cheek," he replied, as though it were a matter of no importance whatever.

"But what have you done with their bodies?" I asked.

He pointed to the well that the settler had dug near his home.

"Leave them here," he said, "Indians find them and take up trail; make trouble for Dundiswa; trouble for Hiokoto."

He had concealed the bodies of the three Indians in the well, and over this had thrown rubbish in such a manner as not to raise a suspicion on the part of anyone passing through the clearing. Also, he had skilfully covered up or removed all evidences of the struggle in which we had engaged.[1]

My mother told me later that Hiokoto had killed one of the Cayugas by a blow from his hatchet as he came up, and that he bore the other

[1] Years afterward when peace finally came to Wyoming, another settler in time took up this clearing and by accident discovered the old well. On attempting to clear it out, the skeletons of three Indians were found at the bottom.

one down in a struggle that was quickly over. In the meantime, seeing that someone was engaged with Electa's assailant, my mother ran to her daughter's side, and together they were making off toward the forest when Hiokoto came up with them and bade them return. Fearing that they had simply escaped one evil to fall into another, they tremblingly obeyed. But they were not kept in long suspense, for they had been there only a few moments, when I came to them as one raised from the dead.

"We go to safe place; then talk," said Hiokoto in the peculiar, jerky sentences he used when speaking English, but which was never observed when he spoke in his own tongue.

With the Hawk, I had scouted the entire neighbourhood, and so we both knew it well. We at once struck into the forest toward the east, taking care to leave little trail, and entering a narrow valley we went nearly a mile into the hills, where we selected a place whence a good outlook could be had over the valley we had been following. Here we paused for rest, my mother and sister sinking down, exhausted, behind a huge log.

"The White Seneca has found his mother?"

said the Hawk, as we withdrew to a knoll and seated ourselves upon it.

"Yes, strangely. I have not yet learned how it comes that she was at Wyoming."

"My brother did not tell me that he had two sisters," he said, after a pause.

"Nor have I. This is my blood sister, for we both had the same father and mother. The Water Lily is my sister as Hiokoto is my brother, — by adoption."

"Dundiswa speaks like the white men — with a double meaning."

I knew then that he held me guilty of deception — falsehood to him, who had been to me as a brother and who had been as open as the daylight and as true as the needle to the pole. For the moment I was overcome with confusion and scarcely knew which way to turn. Finally, I decided to take the course that I should have taken at the outset, when he found me attempting to escape with Constance Leonard from the Cayugas.

I told all to Hiokoto. How Constance and I had talked in the cave under the lake as we waited that long day, and how we had said that we would be brother and sister. How we had

come to have for each other a deeper affection, and how we had planned and looked for an opportunity to escape. Yes, and I told him that I had urged Constance to play upon the superstitions of his people, and make herself more and more the mystic or queen, believing that this would in the end further our plan to gain freedom and be once more among our own people.

His wide-open, truthful eyes, filled with sorrow and brimming over with the love he bore me, compelled me to bare my heart to him, and it was well that I did so.

"My brother has done well," he said when I had finished, and I saw the light of approval in his face. "Hiokoto has known that a secret was in his brother's heart, and he has been sorrowful. Hiokoto read part of his brother's secret, for he saw that his brother loved the Water Lily not as he would love a sister. The trail is open now, and Hiokoto can see the end."

Our hands came together in a clasp, and I knew that Hiokoto had forgiven my fault. But from me the trail was yet hidden. Nor could I see the end for a long and weary time.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### BACK TO MY OWN PEOPLE

FOR several minutes Hiokoto gazed out through the tree tops into the hot July sky, and then he turned to me.

"Dundiswa will go with his mother and sister to the white settlements?" he asked.

"Yes, there is no other way. They must be taken to safety."

"The son will remain with his mother, and the brother with his sister, to care for them and to provide for them, as is taught by the Senecas."

"Yes, I will do this. It is my duty and I shall perform it with love. I do not know the white man's ways, but I will learn."

"After a few moons, he will mourn for the Water Lily, and will come to take her from the Senecas."

"What do you mean, my brother? I do not understand," I answered.

"Listen, Dundiswa, it is like this. You have seen and heard what has been done in the valley,"

and he stretched his fine, almost delicate hand out toward the scene of the massacre. "It was not done with the consent of the wise men of our tribes. Dundiswa has seen, and he knows. The rebels came out to fight against the British and the Indians, and when the battle grew hot, they ran like rabbits. Our warriors had been wounded and some of them were dead, and the others could not be held back when they saw the retreat. My brother knows what has happened. His people do not. When they hear it, they will think that all the Indians surrounded the torture stakes. They will be stirred up by the stories that will come to them from Wyoming.

"If the rebels and their wives and children had been taken prisoners and we had carried them to Seneca Castle or to Niagara, it would have been well for the tribes. Then the rebels would have bought their release or exchanged prisoners for them. They would not have been angered at the Indians then, for that is the way the white people war with each other, and they would not have sought revenge.

"Dundiswa knows what happened, and although he has lived with the Senecas and has looked at the war between the white people

through the eyes of a Seneca, he could not roll up in his blanket and sleep. When the white people know what Dundiswa has seen, they will send an army to the Indian villages and burn them. They will drive the Indians from their homes."

Many times since that day have I marvelled how clearly this young, uneducated Indian reasoned out just what would happen, practically within a year. Buried in the forest most of his life, with little knowledge of conditions existing among the whites, he was able to realise that when the tale of Wyoming went over the country, it would be heard with such horror and indignation that the authorities would be compelled to send an army to wreak vengeance upon those who had committed the fearful inhumanities. It was exactly this that came about, for when the expedition of General John Sullivan moved against the Iroquois the following year, devastating their country, destroying their crops and stores of provisions and burning more than forty villages to the ground, driving the Indians to the Niagara frontier and forever breaking the power of the Great Confederacy, it was more than from any other cause in response to a de-

mand that punishment be visited upon those who committed the Wyoming atrocities.

"Listen, my brother." And now he was standing and speaking slowly, almost rapidly, but with a kindly tone. "The White Seneca will then seek the Water Lily. Hiokoto will not forget."

Without another word, or even a glance, Hiokoto stepped rapidly and noiselessly into the thicket and was almost immediately lost to view.

So accustomed to Indian ways was I at this time that I thought nothing strange of the proceeding of my friend. The Senecas were not much given to long explanations of one's conduct, and it came to me at once that Hiokoto had decided that it was time he returned to camp, as his absence might be noted. Also, he could watch proceedings from there and if danger arose from a search or inquiry concerning me, he would take means to let me know. I had no doubt whatever that he would do all within his power to give me opportunity to convey my mother and sister to a place of safety, and I believed that when the time should come, he would aid me in bringing Constance Leonard out of captivity.

I must confess, however, that at this moment my thoughts did not long dwell upon Constance, for I had before me a task that would demand the exercise of all my caution and the use of every energy. Possessing only my knife and hatchet, with a small piece of smoked venison in my pouch, without camping equipment or means of making my charges comfortable, I must accompany them to some place of safety — but whither I knew not.

Although my mother and sister had fallen into slumber, which they greatly needed, I did not consider it safe to run the risk of remaining where we were until they might become rested, and I awakened them with reluctance. My first anxiety concerned the direction that we should take. My mother told me that during the night she had met refugees from the village who were fleeing toward the east, and that by following this course they would cross the Pocono Mountains and come at length to Stroudsburg, which was a considerable town and well defended; and so, guiding carefully to avoid the roughest country, I turned my back upon Indian life and started forward to lead my dear ones to civilisation. I cannot well describe the thrill of pleasure that

came over me as I did this, nor how comfortable the burden of responsibility rested upon my shoulders at that moment. I had removed all traces of war paint and the stains of blood from my face and hands, and while I was still clad in the Indian costume, I did not regard that as a badge of savagery, for the buckskin hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins were often worn by white hunters and trappers.

Several times during the day we made long pauses for rest, and upon those occasions we exchanged experiences. I learned then of Electa's escape on that day four years previously when we were set upon by the Indians. It was told me, too, how my mother had made her way to Johnstown and thence to Albany, endeavouring to prevail upon someone to search for me. Indeed, she had received many promises and assurances from agents, officers and traders that they would endeavour to secure word as to my whereabouts. She had no means at her command, and so she had made her way back to Connecticut, where she had a brother. Arrived there, she found that her brother was intending to remove to the Wyoming Valley, which was then territory held by the colony of Connecticut and was almost en-

tirely settled by people from the mother colony. She therefore accompanied him, and they had come into the valley the following year. Land had been purchased, the house built and the clearing made, and they were looking forward to a peaceful life, when the war between England and the colonists fell upon them like a thunderbolt.

After a time, my uncle, Charles Cochrane, had gone away to help fight the battles of the colonists, as did so many men from the Wyoming Valley, leaving the place almost undefended. Then came the alarms about the Indians, and finally the fearful massacre.

My mother and sister had not been warned in time to take refuge in the fort, as their clearing was some distance from that central point. They did not know of the approach of the British and Indians until they heard distant firing. Upon the heels of this, came persons fleeing for their lives; and a few hurried words shouted by these poor creatures greatly alarmed my mother. Finally, she and Electa sought refuge in the woods where they remained during the night. At the first sign of daylight they crept back to look upon their ruined home. Seeing no one

about, they had approached the site of the house, hoping to find some food, or at least a few of their poor possessions, and while engaged in this search they were suddenly seized by Onontigo and his companions.

"My heart sank then, my dear boy, to a lower depth than ever before in all my life," said my mother, putting her hand on my shoulder, and her eyes filling with tears. "I expected that we would both be murdered, and while I cared little for my own life, my husband being dead and my son in some unknown state of captivity — for I could not think that you were dead — I was maddened by the thought that my beautiful, innocent daughter must become the victim of those human fiends."

"But mother dear, it all came out for the best," said Electa, coming quickly beside us. "If we had started away in the night with the others, if we had not gone back home — " and her voice trembled as she thought of the condition in which they had found the home — "yes, even if those terrible Indians had not seized us, we would not have been discovered by Henry, and he would have gone back with the Senecas — perhaps never to have seen either of us again."

The second day following, about four of the afternoon, we reached Stroudsburg, and found there many other refugees from Wyoming, all of whom were received with open hearts and every hospitality. Our trip had been one of hardships for my mother and Electa, but both bore up courageously. They did not suffer greatly for food, thanks to my training with the Senecas, for I was able to provide them with groundnuts and several edible plants, and from the mountain streams caught a number of trout. They were footsore and weary, however, and were indeed grateful for the asylum offered them in the home of a prosperous merchant and trader. Also, he tendered me employment, which I gladly accepted, and for the next few months I was engaged in assisting to boat supplies of merchandise up the river from the distant city of Philadelphia.

That fall, my uncle's term of service having expired, he came to Stroudsburg, as we had taken pains to send word to him of our presence there. He still held in his heart a desire to make the beautiful Wyoming Valley his home, and having opportunity to purchase to advantage a considerable tract from the survivors of one of the

families that had been cut to pieces at the time of the massacre, and believing that danger from another Indian raid had passed, he returned to Wyoming to again take up his residence. I accompanied him, leaving my mother and Electa at Stroudsburg to follow us in the spring when we should have refitted the buildings and made the house habitable.

They did so, and although they underwent the hardships and difficulties incident to the lives of settlers in a new country, they still shared the pleasures and joys of that life. In time, my sister took her place as one of the most beloved and noble women of the community — one whose virtues were praised, not alone by children and grandchildren, but by hundreds to whom she was not kin.

However, the hopes that had been raised in the hearts of returning settlers were not soon realised, and they were not permitted to long rest in the enjoyment of peace. Urged on by those to whom they had allied themselves, the Iroquois continued to make raids to the south, and the settlers in the valley lived in constant fear. Occupied with the tremendous task before them in the war with their mother country, the Conti-

nental Congress gave small heed to the appeals for protection that went up from the frontier, and stories of burning homes, the capture of prisoners, and sometimes the murder of those who endeavoured to protect their property and save the dear ones dependent upon them, were of frequent telling.

Almost from the first — as soon as I had taken my mother and sister into safety — I began to plan how I might bring Constance Leonard from her captivity. I knew that it would not be possible to interest people in such an endeavour, for there were many white captives among the Indians, and there were dangers to guard against at home, and each individual or family was occupied with a problem of its own. If the Seneca Queen were to be restored to her people, I must accomplish it, unaided, I thought, and to this end I was making such preparations as seemed necessary, when the way opened, as had been foretold by Hiokoto in that last hour I had spent with him. It was not, however, devoid of hardships and dangers, nor yet of sorrow; but that it was finally successful was a very great happiness.

THE END

Rm. 1